STRIP MINING **HARRY M. CAUDILL**

THE NATION

APRIL 19, 1971 *35 cents*

UPSALA COLLEGE
APR 14 1971
EAST ORANGE N J 07019
UPSALA COLLEGE
LIBRARY
EAST ORANGE N J 07019
10-71R PL-36355
AG

'You begin to suspect that no one ever tells the truth'
ABC ROUND TABLE ON LAOS

TODAY'S CAMPUS: THE EERIE CALM
Gresham M. Sykes

Flaherty of Pittsburgh

THE MAYOR IS 'NOBODY'S BOY'
Ralph Z. Hallow

Lee Baxandall / Brecht's 'Collected Plays'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

spy game

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Re: "The FBI Today" by H. H. Wilson, and the John F. Shaw affair [*The Nation,* Feb. 8], let me give you some visceral reactions on just *how it is* having an agent (or someone acting out the roll of agent) in a college English class.

During the spring semester 1970 in NYU's College Prep Program, a brisk young man turned up, precisely on time, in a class of eight ambitious, rather conservative, Puerto Ricans, blacks and "others." He was identified instantly by a Cuban ex-GI (Vietnam) as CIA.

I wasn't so certain; I thought he might be some rather rigidly trained right-wing infiltrator. (I did perceive an odd sort of mime—a compulsive buckling and unbuckling of a nonexistent gun holster every time he sat down or got up.) But a few sessions later he identified himself to all by lashing out in sudden heated and uncontrollable defense of the Secret Service during an otherwise cool discussion of the Manchester book on President Kennedy's assassination, used as background for a writing assignment.

The remainder of that semester became a spy game: material was frequently prepared with the idea that it was being recorded. I complained to my immediate administrative head that there was some sort of "cop" in my class and was told: there were many policemen being educated at NYU; he probably wasn't anyhow, probably someone acting out a private fantasy, à la Oswald. (I am not certain why they would think I would prefer having an "Oswald" as a student.) A very cursory check of his record indicated that they had no record.

Our agent, if that's what he was, rated lowest in academic grades in the class (certainly undermining our respect for the "protective" agencies); he regularly produced provocative material: he would bring in, and ask me to read, Abbie Hoffman poetry, would attempt to talk about Khrushchev at totally irrelevant moments—or, if nothing better, at least drugs. We guessed that he wanted *something* to report. Occasionally, the class and I would oblige. . . .

We never found out . . . exactly who he was. The spring session terminated early that year because of Cambodia and Kent State. *Marjorie Friedman*

categories of Huxley

Lexington, Ky.

DEAR SIRS: George Woodcock does not review my study, *Aldous Huxley and the Way to Reality* [*The Nation,* Nov. 30, 1970], but rather something else that he apparently wants it to be. I regard Huxley, he claims, "as a searcher after truth who ultimately and deliberately succeeded"; his Huxley is "an artist who ultimately and willfully failed." My book is thereby magically transformed and Huxley, by a glib and hoary antithesis, is forced into one or the other distorting mold.

Obviously Woodcock believes in restrictive categories; one purpose of mine is to prove that they do not apply. Huxley was not *either* an artist or a searcher but so complex a combination of both that no such labeling can succeed. . . . My book explores and documents these very complexities; when they are simplified or ignored, what I wrote disappears.

Similarly, in Woodcock's treatment of Huxley, a dozen Huxley volumes are reduced to a few ideas from one or two. Woodcock believes that the final Huxley "really claimed to seek salvation *from* personality," that he saw the "way of the mystics" as "the *only* sure-fire way to a sane society," and that "all men can be brought to a state of mystic enlightenment." True, in part, for the Huxley of the forties, but hardly accurate for "Knowledge and Understanding," or "The Education of an Amphibian," and a flagrant reduc-

(Continued on page 500)

EDITORIALS

The Captain and the President

Capt. Aubrey Daniel's letter to the President offers a refreshing contrast to the latter's television address of April 7. The timing, tenor and content of Captain Daniel's letter could not be improved on. It effectively blocked any notion the President may have entertained of making some splashy use of the Calley verdict in his address. It was dignified and forceful and it did not hesitate to charge that the President's precipitous statements on the Calley verdict—so sharply in contrast with his initial statements on the case, in which the word "massacre" was used—were politically motivated. Nor did he hesitate to say what most needed to be said: "I would expect that the President of the United States . . . would stand fully behind the law of this land on a moral issue which is so clear and about which there can be no compromise." By saying what he did, and in the way he did, Captain Daniel made it impossible for the President and the nation to ignore the implications of the verdict. Obviously, Captain Daniel had strong tacit support among many of his fellow officers, but even so his letter was a remarkable statement for a young officer to address to the President.

On one point in particular the contrast between the letter and the speech warrants emphasis. Both the Captain and the President are lawyers, but they entertain sharply contrasting attitudes toward legal institutions. The Captain is vividly aware of the effect the President's intervention will have on pending cases and on Calley's appeal. Colonel Henderson's counsel, interviewed on television, did not even try to conceal his delight in what the President had said. By his intervention in the Calley case, and by such actions as his nominations of Haynsworth and Carswell, and his comment on the Manson case, the President has demonstrated a remarkable disrespect for the judicial process.

In general contrast to the Captain's letter, the President's speech was a national embarrassment. It stressed the sacrifices made by G.I.s in Vietnam, as though that had suddenly become an issue between the President and his critics. Reference was made to "brutalities" and "atrocity charges in individual cases," but there was not a word about the frightful toll of civilian lives and the wanton destruction which we, the occupiers, have wreaked on a people for whose "freedom" and "independence" we are supposed to have intervened in the first place.

The President continues to take the position that the war is one which he inherited and for which he has no responsibility, despite all those bloodcurdling speeches he has made, down the years, on the need to get tough in Vietnam. Mr. Nixon called on Hanoi to end its "barbaric use" of our prisoners as negotiating pawns, but his intervention in the Calley case makes it difficult for him to plead for humane treatment, much less release of those prisoners.

Mr. Nixon cunningly finessed the Laotian misadventure by praising the fighting qualities of the badly mauled South Vietnamese troops. But his Vietnamization policy has "succeeded," despite or even because of, this maul-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing. He intends to withdraw American troops, but he will not fix the date by which they will have been fully withdrawn. As in the past, he used charts on which the cameras focused so fleetingly that all the viewers could see was a curve. And there were the rhetorical tricks that we have come to expect of Mr. Nixon. For example, the issue is whether we should "consciously" turn South Vietnam over to the Communists by rapid withdrawal or give the South Vietnamese "a reasonable chance to survive as a free people"—that is, keep a residual force there, backed up by American air and naval power, for the purpose of preventing a collapse of the regime for an interim period and in any case until after the 1972 election.

What is most striking about the President's general attitude toward the war is his obvious fear of a Middle America backlash should the South Vietnam regime collapse or be thrust aside. Too early a termination of the American presence would result, he says, not merely in an abandonment of Thieu and Ky, but could mean that we had abandoned ourselves as well. It might lead to "a nightmare of recrimination."

But, in our view, the best way to avoid such a backlash is to face the facts—that is, the people must understand the real nature of the war and the shameful way we have fought it. In brief, we should face up to the consequences of the Calley verdict. On this the country is about equally divided, according to the Harris poll, but the division is not reflected in attitudes toward the war; most people want out and the sooner the better. The backlash—the recrimination—is more likely to come if the war drags on and the prisoners are not released and then, in the end, the Administration engages in some desperate effort to shore up the Saigon regime. The President's equivocal tactics may, in fact, be setting the stage for the backlash he fears.

Sacred No Longer

J. Edgar Hoover is one of those men who attract metaphors. He has been compared, in his durability, to the Washington Monument (*Newsweek*). He has been called "the most sacred cow in the entire structure of the Federal Government" (*The New York Times*), "the nearest thing to an icon in American life" (*Life*), "an American icon" (*The Nation*, Sept. 1, 1969), "this incompetent man" (Rep. Hale Boggs), "one of the least flexible officials in the government" (a GOP House leader), "a punching bag for an ever-broadening segment of the nation" (*Washington Post* staff writer). These are only hastily culled samples, but perhaps the most unkindest cut of all is *Life*'s April 9th cover, "Emperor of the FBI," with its implication that the "Emperor" was nearing the end of his forty-seven-year "reign."

Without wishing to add a supererogatory voice to a chorus already approaching unanimity, *The Nation* feels entitled to contribute its hard-earned expertise to the current discussion. One of the landmarks is the special issue of October 18, 1958, "The FBI," by Fred J. Cook, to which little can be added to this day. The present tendency to attribute Hoover's recent egregious errors to his age is a mistaken diagnosis. "It's almost as if the director pushed the self-destruct button," a knowledgeable Justice

INTHIS ISSUE

April 19, 1971

EDITORIALS

482

ARTICLES

486 ABC Round Table on Laos

488 Strip Mining—Coast to Coast
Harry M. Caudill

490 Today's Campus: The Eerie Calm
Gresham M. Sykes

492 Flaherty of Pittsburgh:
The Mayor Is "Nobody's Boy"
Ralph Z. Hallow

497 Transportation Crossroads:
Priorities or Trust Funds?
Ben Kelley and *Richard Hébert*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

501 Brecht: Collected Plays
Manheim and Willett, eds. — *Lee Baxandall*

502 Hands (poem) — *Rochelle Ratner*

503 Lockard: The Perverted Priorities
of American Politics — *Henry S. Kariel*

505 Spinrad: Civil Liberties — *Charles Lam Markmann*

506 Two Parables — *M. L. Rosenthal*

507 Royko: Boss — *Saul D. Alinsky*

507 Occulting Light (poem) — *Mary Oppen*

508 Films — *Robert Hatch*

509 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW Jr.

Editor
CAREY McWILLIAMS

Associate Publisher
GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
EMILE CAPOUYA

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, ALLEN PLANZ; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON.

Editorial Associate, ERNEST GRUENING

Washington, ROBERT SHERRILL; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD; U.N., ANNE TUCKERMAN

The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1971 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $12.50; two years, $23. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 212
No. 16

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Department source told *The Washington Post*. The director has pushed that button repeatedly in his long tenure, but hardly anyone thought he might be blowing himself up. It is only now, in the disturbed state of the country, and with Mr. Hoover possibly sharing in that psychic trauma, that the politicians and the press can conceive of his retirement.

The removal of such a legendary figure is an important event and the media are preparing for it, much like dogs harrying a bear whom singly they would fear to approach. It is possible, to be sure, that Hoover has grown increasingly reckless, as when he called Ramsey Clark a "jellyfish," accused the Berrigan brothers before they and other Catholic anti-war protesters were indicted and, late last year, in a *Time* interview, enraged Spanish-speaking Americans by saying, "You never have to bother about a President being shot by Puerto Ricans or Mexicans. They don't shoot very straight. But if they come at you with a knife, beware." He has been tossing rubbish of this kind around for years and getting away with it, as when he called Martin Luther King, Jr., a liar and revealed how he loathed the late Robert F. Kennedy so intensely that for the last six months of Kennedy's service as Attorney General the two were not on speaking terms.

Over the years Hoover has been so tyrannical in his operation of the FBI that a great deal of internal resentment, mixed with fear, has built up against him. The Shaw case has damaged him seriously.

Atty. Gen. John Mitchell is one of the few who have come to Hoover's defense. He could hardly do otherwise without admitting that the Administration would like to get rid of Hoover. There is good reason to believe that everyone, from the President down, would be immensely relieved if Hoover would step aside of his own accord, but it would be difficult to fire him. He still has plenty of admirers among those who have never outgrown the G-man spell of their childhood.

If we do get rid of Hoover at last, say before the end of the year, great credit should go to Eugene McCarthy who called for his dismissal in 1968; to Rep. William R. Anderson (D., Tenn.) who, having taken the nuclear submarine *Nautilus* around the North Pole under the ice sheet, was not to be easily frightened, and to Sen. George McGovern, who has insulted Hoover by speaking the truth about him. Thanks will also be due to that fine reporter, Jack Nelson; to the *Los Angeles Times,* which prints his stories, and to a growing number of other figures in politics and journalism who have become tired of J. Edgar Hoover's misuse of the FBI for his own aggrandizement.

More on the Spring Offensive

The President wants us to believe that he is winding down the war for Americans and at the same time winning it for Thieu, Ky and their accomplices. The opportunity to show up this sleight of hand lies just ahead. The demonstration planned for Washington, D.C. on April 24 must be massive and its objectives must be clear and simple. This is not a time for civil disobedience advocacy or for any measures that will give the increasingly desperate pro-war elements a chance to provoke disorder. The sponsoring organizations do not contemplate confrontation or direct action tactics and, to the extent that it is possible to do so, precautions have been taken to insure an orderly demonstration. There are to be only two slogans: "End the War," "End the Draft," which is sensible procedure for a demonstration of the magnitude that this one promises to be. Speeches, it is hoped, will pursue these objectives with well-integrated approaches, and not to verbal excess. The previous big Washington demonstrations have had too many speakers, most of whom spoke too long. It is important not to bore the audiences; it is equally important that the networks should find the demonstration newsworthy.

April 24 will touch off the 1971 peace activities. It may bring the war to an end; it may start a chain of events that will affect the 1972 conventions and the election, which is only a little more than a year away. If half a million peace activists converge on Washington, this time the President will not be watching a ball game. Or if that is what he chooses to do, it will be a sign that he really doesn't know the score.

McCloskey's Rebellion

Rep. Paul N. ("Pete") McCloskey (R., Calif.) is all but certain to challenge President Nixon in selected Republican primaries in 1972—definitely in California and New Hampshire and perhaps in other states as well. If a stronger candidate emerges—Senator Hatfield, Mayor Lindsay, John Gardner or Senator Mathias—McCloskey will be quite willing to stand aside; but he is determined that a Republican challenge to the President's renomination must be made, and if no one else will make it, he will. Those who know "Pete" will not lightly dismiss his determination or his fighting qualities, nor will they brush aside his potentialities as a challenger. Challenger is just the right word. McCloskey is a former Marine combat officer who was awarded the Navy Cross, the Purple Heart and the Silver Star; he is now a colonel in the Marine Reserves. A graduate of Stanford Law School, he is serving his third term in Congress. He is 43 years old, handsome, with dark blue eyes and dark hair which, for a man in politics, is flecked with just the right amount of gray.

McCloskey is direct, blunt, forceful. It is his conviction that the people do not understand Vietnamization or the policies we have been pursuing in Indochina. He proposes to "give the people the facts." He is also deeply concerned about racism and feels here again that the Administration has confused the people by its shifting stratagems and programs. He has not reached his decision to enter the primaries lightly or quickly. For months he tried to approach the President "through channels" and was twice referred to Henry Kissinger, the "Pacifier," but the briefings did not satisfy him.

Funds are a problem, but Norton Simon, the California tycoon, has promised substantial contributions, and other California businessmen, weary of the war and of Richard Nixon, have offered their assistance. Prominent Republicans are, of course, not eager to lend their names at this time; prominent Democrats did not flock

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to Eugene McCarthy when he announced in 1968 that he would enter the New Hampshire primary. But McCloskey does have substantial covert Republican support. He is enthusiastically backed by many members of the Ripon Society. Charles Goodell and Rep. Donald W. Riegle will back him, and others will join as the campaign unfolds. One of McCloskey's objectives, in fact, is to open up the Republican Party, to bring new elements into it, to modernize it. He is quite right when he says that some of the best young political talent around is to be found today in the lower echelons of the Republican Party. His candidacy will give these elements a chance to join in a campaign that will be exciting and will certainly be of national interest. And, as we have suggested, there is always the possibility that the President may not seek re-election or that he may have a "stand-in" candidate—say Senator Cotton—file in New Hampshire. Should the President not seek re-election—and the possibility cannot be dismissed out of hand—then McCloskey would probably not be the ultimate beneficiary; but he will play an important role in forcing the issues and offering a direct challenge to Nixon's leadership.

Hammermill Urges You

Hammermill Paper Company is no piddling concern. It is No. 276 in *Fortune*'s latest ranking of the 500 largest U.S. industrial corporations, with sales of more than $350 million, assets above $300 million, net income of $14 million, and more than 10,000 employees. Hammermill has been doing something very interesting, and it is probably a portent of more of the same to come. It has been running full-page ads, prepared by Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, in such media as *Newsweek*, *Time*, *Business Week*, etc. The format is a question of public interest in big type at the top, then an illustrated explication of the issues involved (for instance, is it proper to hold prayers in public school classrooms?), and at the bottom, "Hammermill urges you to write your public officials." The only overt commercial angle is a sentence in the last paragraph of the body of the ad: "We hope you'll write your letters on Hammermill Bond —world's best-known letterhead paper," and a note to the effect that Hammermill manufactures thirty-three fine printing and business papers. But in any case: do write.

The pros and cons are in general fairly presented and the graphic material is effective. One of the best of the series shows a sick, discouraged-looking old man lying in an unheated slum bedroom—there are blankets on the bed but he seems to be fully dressed, and the question raised is: "Can we afford to explore the heavens when there's still a hell on earth?"

A good question, but a question may also be raised about Hammermill's (or any other corporation's) motives in advertising, other than its desire to sell its products. The astute public affairs people in all the big corporations know that the preservation of a healthy environment is a very live issue these days. Paper making can be a water-polluting process of the worst kind; on the other hand, its bad effects can be mitigated, although this may entail considerable expense.

The Committee on Economic Priorities found that Hammermill's record in this field was one of minimum initiative. It has two old mills in Pennsylvania, one mill in Wisconsin, and a new mill in Selma, Ala. The mill in Erie, Pa., has been the subject of stories in the press because of its contribution to the widespread pollution of Lake Erie. The mill in Lockhaven, Pa., was found, at the time of the CEP study two years ago, to be under orders to remedy its output of pollutants by the end of 1972; the investigators felt that the anti-pollution equipment could be installed sooner. The Selma mill, although of modern design, is said to spill a large volume of waste material into the waters of the state of Alabama. The company already has invested $36 million in anti-pollution equipment, and will have to spend, the investigators estimate, $6.5 million more. The record does not shape up as one of indifference, but if as much initiative were shown in preventing pollution as in advertising, the company image could be considerably brightened.

Astro or Castro

Railpax stands for National Railroad Passenger Corporation, which is touted as the salvation of railroad passenger service. Actually, if Railpax's plans are permitted to mature, it will dig the grave of such passenger service as the railroads now furnish, which is little enough. A generation ago, 6,000 passenger trains were in operation; last year 300 remained. Railpax, if it goes into operation by May 1, proposes to cut the number to about 184. In the process it will deprive six states of service entirely—Arkansas, Wyoming, South Dakota, Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire. A growing howl is reverberating in the Senate.

To begin operation, Railpax is to receive a subsidy of $40 million, and backing for $300 million in revenue bonds. This liability will be passed on to the taxpayers if Railpax loses money, and the service is almost certain to run a deficit, since it does not plan to take advantage of new technology, as the Japanese, for instance, have been smart enough to do. Nor does it plan to modernize any of the present generation of cars and locomotives. Of 3,300 available passenger coaches, Railpax plans to take over the best 1,500. How good they are no one is saying. Present-day rolling stock is from twenty to forty years old, and in varying states of disrepair. The best is not likely to be very good, and by all indications it will be allowed to deteriorate further under Railpax management.

Senator Mansfield has suggested that the $40 million already appropriated might better be rescinded. That would seem to be a course more nearly in the public interest than to allow the railroads to unload their unprofitable passenger business on a subsidized corporation which clearly has no purpose other than to liquidate that service entirely.

Yet, while such a scheme is incubating, no one denies that rail passenger service is desirable in some places and absolutely necessary in others. Nor is rail service necessarily unprofitable. Even a commuter line like the Chicago and Northwestern, with most of its equipment idle for the greater part of the day, has managed to make a profit because it provides comfortable, on-time service,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and speed. The Washington-New York Metroliner, a demonstration project aided by government sponsorship, is reported to be clearing $4 million this year. The financing is intricate and that excess over expenses may not represent profit, but the popularity of the Metroliners shows that a defeatist attitude toward rail service is unjustified.

While eager to get rid of the passenger service, which they have allowed to deteriorate even where it was potentially profitable, the railroads have set up Astro—America's Sound Transportation Review Organization—a lobbying outfit headed by former Sen. George Smathers. Undaunted by the SST rebuff, they would like more subsidies ($36 billion over an eleven-year period), guaranteed loans, freedom from regulation, etc. Sen. Lee Metcalf of Montana, a state not very generously treated by Railpax, has suggested that Astro might better be called Castro: Conglomerate America's Slick Transportation Rip-Off. The suggestion may be rude, but it has the merit of realism.

It is a pity that the country clings to its fear of nationalization and socialization. As it is, rail transportation is subsidized by a maze of grants, loans, write-offs, etc., so that the stock can go up and down and speculators can make a profit—or at least hope for one. (People are still buying the common stock of the bankrupt Penn Central, although the chance of any equity remaining for the common stockholders is almost nonexistent.) Private enterprise is said to be inherently efficient—as in the Penn Central case, for instance! This myth is complemented by another—that government enterprise is inherently inefficient. The Tennessee Valley Authority belies that. Instead of resorting to a senseless makeshift like Railpax, the public should get ownership and control in exchange for public investment, and such subsidy as may be necessary to provide decent service.

ABC ROUND TABLE ON LAOS

On April 1, the "ABC Evening News with Howard K. Smith and Harry Reasoner" devoted a major part of its time to a round-table discussion by its correspondents in Vietnam. What follows here is a transcript of that exchange of views.

JIM GIGGANS. Every day in Quang Tri, which was the press center for the Laotian operation, there would be briefings—one in the evening and one in the morning. In the morning we would be given mimeographed sheets, but in the evening there would be South Vietnamese briefers and American briefers. Usually, the Americans would cover only the American side of the operation; the South Vietnamese, the South Vietnamese side. When they were in conflict, there was no way to verify one bit of information with the other. The Americans would continually say, "Go to the South Vietnamese to find out." Or if it had anything to do with the American operation, the South Vietnamese would say, "Check with the Americans." However, when there was a difference, there was no way of finding out just what the truth was. No side was infringing —as they called it—upon the other.

HOWARD TUCKNER. Because we were lucky enough to have some South Vietnamese officer friends, we got some favored treatment. I was very close to the executive officer of one of the crack divisions involved in the Laos campaign. He told me about the faulty intelligence, faulty reconnaissance, that what they found in Laos was not at all what they were led to believe they would find. He said, "I wish I could tell you on camera what's really happening, but I don't have that kind of courage."

He sent me into Laos to see Lieutenant Colonel Dung, the head of the armored task force, whose job it was to spearhead the drive to Tchepone. That was the original objective; his orders were to take it in three days. I spent two nights with this man. We talked privately for three hours the first night and he told me that he found that the entire route—Route 9—was mined. He said intelligence didn't indicate that. He told me that he was seriously outgunned in fire power. They found that the North Vietnamese had about sixty tank battalions in the Laos operation area. That's about 600 tanks. And since that time, military sources confirm that they had no idea that the North Vietnamese had anywhere near that many tanks in Laos. The South Vietnamese also found that they were seriously outgunned. Their artillery pieces were 155s and 105 millimeter; the enemy had 152s and 130s, which shoot farther and hit harder.

I asked this man if he would go on camera with me and do this publicly. He said he'd like to think about it overnight. He did so, and then we had an interview. The reaction from Washington and Saigon was that he didn't have the big picture; that he was merely a local commander. He *was* a local commander—with the biggest responsibility of the first week of the drive to take Tchepone. He never got there because he found out he was seriously outgunned. He advised Lieut. Gen. Hoang Xuan Lam, the head of the operation, not to go ahead, to stop the tanks right where they are, to get out. . . . Of course, they couldn't do that because the operation was so well publicized in advance that it would look like a complete, ridiculous move if that happened. But it turned out that Lieutenant Colonel Dung was right. Because when his 220 armored units got ready to leave Laos and go back to Vietnam, they couldn't make it. Half of them were left in there; 50 per cent at least.

STEVE BELL. I think the most significant thing about coverage of the Laos operation was our inability to get to the story; the reason is that the military denied us the space available—privileges that have always been part of coverage here in Indochina. That means that any time a helicopter or a truck is going where the action is you can ride if they have room. The decision is yours, it's individual. In this case, first they denied us any access to Laos, with American helicopters or planes, invoking an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old diplomatic rule against carrying people across borders in military flights—something that had been ignored in Cambodia. Then when they did have a chopper that was dedicated to taking newsmen across the border it was under the control of the South Vietnamese commander, who on most days said it was too dangerous to fly and the helicopter went nowhere. Or when he did allow it to go somewhere it went only to a fire base where nothing was happening and you couldn't get a picture of the war one way or the other.

DON FARMER. And that rule was changed only after four newsmen died flying in a Vietnamese helicopter. You know, I think a lot of the truth in Vietnam comes from correspondents who have been here for a long time. And many of them have told me that this was easily the most frustrating operation they have ever covered in Vietnam.

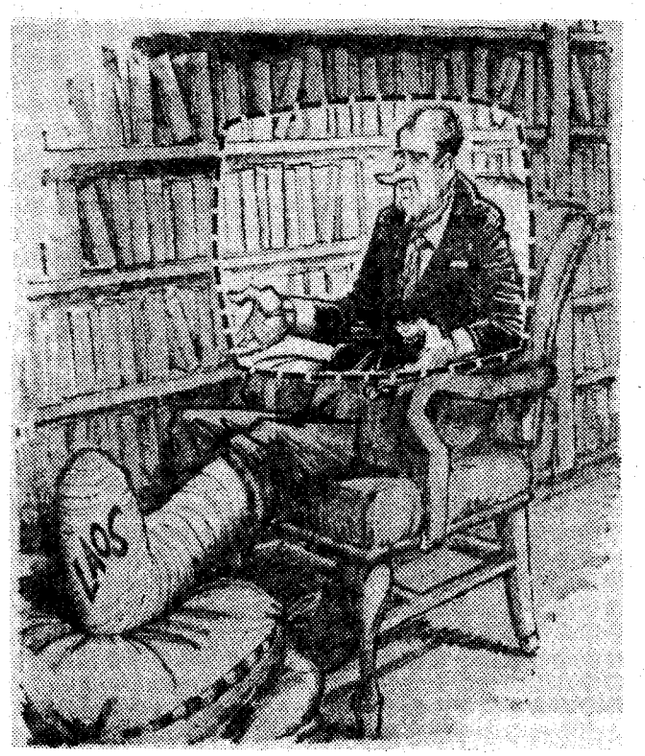
STEVE BELL. One perfect example of the problem between what they report and what we know to be fact is in tank losses on both sides. The South Vietnamese each day, and the Americans, would have a very firm total on enemy tanks destroyed in Laos. And I don't doubt for a second that the enemy lost a great number of tanks—that was one of his worst areas of setbacks. At the same time, we never had a South Vietnamese tank or armored vehicle reported lost, yet we know that about 200 of them went in and I was on Highway 9 the day they fought their way back into South Vietnam and American armor supported them—we were ambushed three times—and less than 100 vehicles came out—tanks, APCs and trucks. But get back to the briefer and he would swear that South Vietnamese tank losses were very light, giving no figures. At the same time, we had it confirmed from a number of U.S. sources that American pilots had to fly special missions into Laos to destroy South Vietnamese tanks and APCs that had been left behind, abandoned by their crews.

DON FARMER. You know, in more general terms also, they talk about this operation being a success and the President was quoted as saying that, "We now know that the South Vietnamese can hack it." Well, in some ways, that's very true, but, you know they could not have hacked it at all had it not been for United States air support.

STEVE BELL. This brings up a point that has really bothered me—the way that the American military and the government in Washington have tried to knock down our stories of Vietnamese reverses in Laos. Most of our information came from South Vietnamese troops that we personally talked to as they came out of Laos to Ham Nghi, many of them wounded, demoralized, near hysteria, or from the U.S. helicopter pilots who had pulled them out, and who told stories—the most vivid stories—of all those South Vietnamese grasping for the struts, and total disorganization and sometimes panic, at these evacuation points. When we filmed these reports, when we broadcast them, then we were told by the military and the U.S. Government that these were unreliable people. But they're the same young men that you're asking to fly your helicopters into Laos, to fight and die as the spearhead of the American support effort in Laos. Now, suddenly, they're unreliable. And they're afflicted by tunnel vision because they're telling us stories of . . . of a negative nature about South Vietnamese operations. I recall in Cambodia, in the months that we were over there covering, traveling with the South Vietnamese, that they never missed an opportunity to set up little displays, even at the most remote outpost, of captured weapons, captured documents. They'd take you out and show you enemy dead where they'd had a fire fight the night before. They made these tremendous victory claims in Laos and never once were they able to take newsmen to show them what they were talking about.

DON FARMER. One day they told us that they were going to take us into Laos to see one of the biggest arms caches of the operation that they had uncovered and captured and we were very happy about that, and so we went out to Ham Nghi again, and we got there and we were put off and put off, and finally the South Vietnamese commanders came out and said, "Gentlemen, we're very sorry, but our regiment commander who uncovered the cache has inadvertently destroyed it." Which means it didn't exist any more, if it in fact ever existed in the first place.

STEVE BELL. It seems to me that there are a number of examples where we are dealing with things that turned out to be something other than what we were told, and we had an opportunity to actually verify the fact that we were being misled. The most blatant example is the reporting of U.S. helicopter losses. The American helicopters were reported as lost *only* when they were de-



Conrad, Los Angeles Times

"I Don't Want to Leave the Impression that the Pictures We Have Been Seeing on Television Tell a Basically Inaccurate Story. . . ."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stroyed and could not be retrieved from the battlefield.

This leaves out completely all the literally hundreds of helicopters that were unable to return from a mission because they were downed by enemy fire.

DON FARMER. You know I remember talking to a helicopter pilot about two weeks ago and I think that at that time the figure they were giving us in Saigon and here officially, American helicopters shot down and destroyed, was somewhere around fifty at that time. And this helicopter pilot told me that they had lost 119 in the first week of the operation, and we were then a good month into the operation. Another helicopter pilot told me the figure was actually more like 250, and they did not report those which were recovered; even if there were people killed and wounded, they didn't report them.

I think there is one other really significant fact in trying to report this operation, and that is as it came to a close—at least the Laotian part of Lam Son—we were told by the Americans and the Vietnamese—the South Vietnamese, of course—that this was a great success, a great victory. Well, in fact it may have been in some aspects; the ARVN proved themselves to be good fighting men. The Marines did very well for a time. The Rangers certainly took it on the chin, and their high losses are certainly not proof of poor performance. But, when they say things like "We now have cut the Ho Chi Minh Trail," you and I know that that's absurd. And that's the kind of statement we're getting and they're so unbelievable that I think sometimes we're getting slightly paranoid—you know, we start looking for lies where maybe they don't exist.

And I think it's a natural human failing that, partly our fault, but there's a reason for it. We've been lied to so many times that you begin to suspect that no one ever tells you the truth. □

STRIP MINING—COAST TO COAST

HARRY M. CAUDILL

Mr. Caudill of Whitesburg, Ky., a lawyer and writer, has long been recognized as an authority on the history, problems and potential of his native Appalachian Mountains. He is the author of Night Comes to the Cumberlands *and* Dark Hills to Westward *(both Atlantic-Little, Brown).*

Some developments in recent weeks inspire a faint hope that at last—at the eleventh hour—this mineral-rich country may save itself from virtual ruin at the hands of strip miners. America is so abundantly endowed with ores and fuels, world demand for them is so great, and earth-moving technology is so efficient that strip mining—until recently associated primarily with coal and Appalachia—has become a reality or an imminent prospect for every state and nearly all counties. An ecological nightmare of unimaginable dimensions suddenly looms everywhere.

Since 1950, according to Census Bureau figures, the nation's population has swollen by more than one-third. During that time the land area has not grown by a single inch. On the contrary, the amount of land available for crops, forests, recreation and other uses has been effectively and permanently diminished. Highways, housing developments, shopping centers and man-made lakes are insatiable consumers of land, but they have the virtue of being continuously useful to large numbers of people. However, strip mining is a land use that threatens to devour the continent in a single-benefit operation. Before most urbanized Americans are aware of what is happening, the land on which they depend may have been ruined past technology's capacity to restore it.

From coast to coast the United States is marvelously blessed—or cursed—with valuable stones, clays, ores and solid fuels. Beneath the ancient and varied forests of Appalachia are gigantic coal beds, vast ledges of limestone and silica sand, iron ore, clays, marble, granite and such seldom mentioned substances as gneiss, grahamite and gibbsite. In Florida there are huge beds of phosphate. Georgia has kaolin and Texas and Wisconsin have iron fields. Coal is abundant across the Great Plains in West Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa and Kansas. It striates the hills of Colorado, alongside immense deposits of oil shale. Low-grade coal and lignite are found under hundreds of thousands of acres in Arizona, Utah and the Dakotas. California and Nevada boast of gold and silver; Arizona has copper. And nearly everywhere, sand and gravel can be scooped up for an endless variety of construction projects.

In short, something mineable can be found practically anywhere, and the pressure on natural resources is so great in our highly industrialized society that all of them are practically certain to be mined. These facts are of the gravest consequence to the nation.

The cheapest way to obtain solid-state minerals from the land is by strip mining. This revolution in the technology of earth moving has swept the world in the last two decades. A combination of nitrate fertilizer and diesel oil makes a cheap and potent substitute for dynamite. Some bulldozers now plow into the soil with blades 7 feet high, and near Cumberland, Ohio, a supercolossus looms over a devastated county like an all-consuming titan. It is "Big Muskie," the planet's largest earth-moving machine, with a boom 310 feet long and a bucket that lifts 325 tons at a gulp. Not far away in the same state slightly smaller machines, "The Gem of Egypt" and "The Silver Spade," work their way through wooded hills as easily as a hungry man devours a steak and potatoes.

In stripping, the overlying strata of soil and rock—and their flora and fauna—are blasted and shoved aside to expose the mineral. It is then loosened by explosions, lifted into trucks and hauled away. The effect on the ecology has been widely documented, but remains indescribable.

For example, in mountainous eastern Kentucky much

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stripping has been done for coal. A 1955-59 study by state and federal agencies compared two adjacent watersheds. The valley that remained in timber yielded 27.9 tons of silt per square mile annually. The other, which had been "disturbed" by stripping, flooded its silt basins with 30,000 tons of acid-reddened mud from each square mile!

In 1967 the Interior Department sent to Congress its little noted study, "Surface Mining and Our Environment." It reflected conditions as of January 1, 1965, when 3.2 million acres had already been surface mined. Hawaii claimed only 10 acres of stripped soil; at the other end of the scale, Pennsylvania reported a massive 370,202 acres. Coal and lignite accounted for 40 per cent of the total. An area equal to that of Connecticut had been devastated.

Congress disregarded the report and the last five years have seen an unprecedented mining boom. Today the equivalent of two Connecticuts lies as maimed as Flanders in 1917.

Half the states have no compulsory laws for reclaiming the land after the strippers have finished with it, and no state enactment approaches the strict, no-nonsense requirements of Germany and Great Britain. In such ravaged states as Kentucky, Tennessee, West Virginia and Ohio, enforcement is a farce in which the industries generally select the reclamation officers.

Surface mining kills every living plant and drives out, initially at least, all wild life. It pollutes water and permanently degrades it. Most important, perhaps, it produces unnerving ugliness.

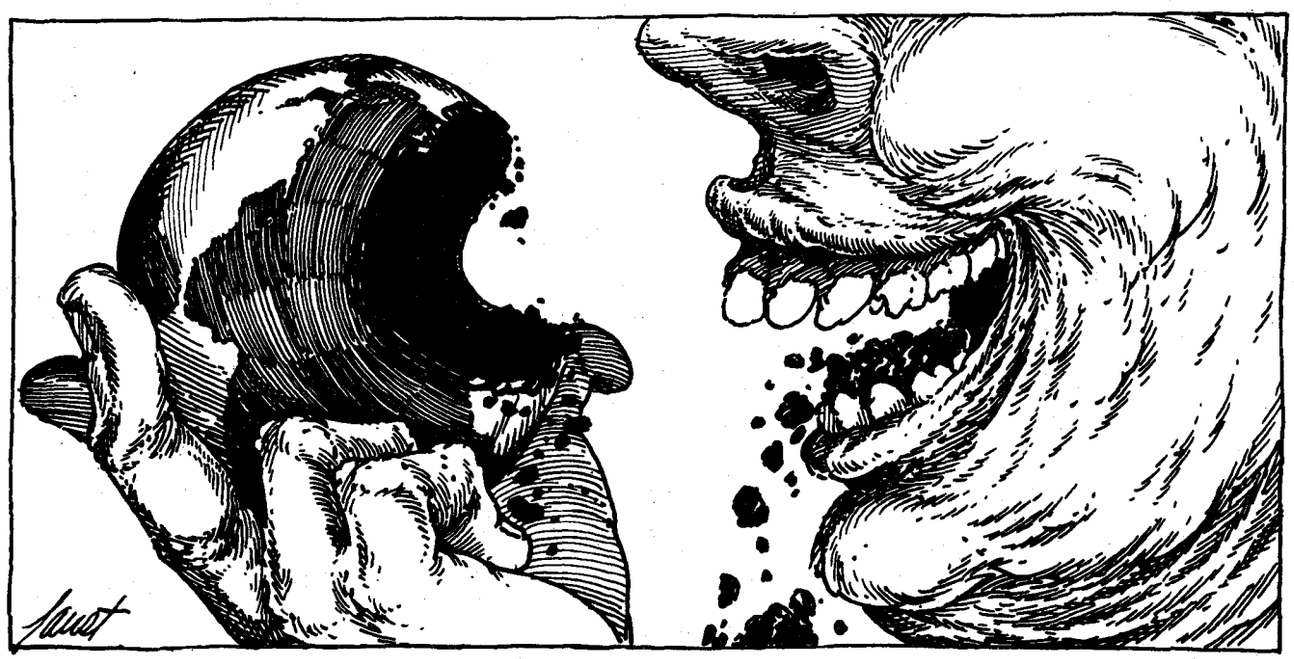
Any serious national commitment to save our deteriorating environment would treat surface mining as an exceedingly grave problem. It would outlaw stripping where prompt and complete restoration of the land to its original and natural purpose cannot be achieved. It would require an industry to restore completely lands it is permitted to tear up, and would impose a severance tax on future mining to finance reclamation of America's ghastly backlog of plundered acreage.

The word that best fits the climate of West Virginia is "benign." Its mixed mesophytic forests have embraced and sheltered nearly all plant forms that the ancient ice shields pushed down from the north. Its 2,000 varieties of flowering plants make it a botanical wonderland without parallel anywhere outside the tropics. But all this profuse, interwoven and indescribably old web of life has been for twenty years under a brutal assault by corporations digging fuel for domestic and foreign electric power plants and steel mills, and for hundreds of chemical byproducts. The very life of the state is threatened by industrial processes that leave its splendid land as dead and piteous as the bloody carcass of a flayed lion.

West Virginia is fortunate, though, in that it has been adopted by two remarkable men whom voters have had the good sense to elect to public office. John D. Rockefeller IV—"Jay" to West Virginians—came to the state as a VISTA worker when Lyndon Johnson was building the Great Society. He stayed to serve a term in the state legislature and is now Secretary of State in the dingy capitol at Charleston. Unless his latest undertaking brings him to grief, this scion of New York's wealthiest family is likely to be elected governor as a Democrat in next year's election.

What he is attempting requires a breathtaking boldness. He has endorsed Sen. Si Galperin's bill to outlaw strip mining in the state "completely and forever," and has set off a political earthquake in the process. The bill challenges the state's vast absentee mining interests head-on in an "us-or-them" battle. Most West Virginians undoubtedly support the Rockefeller faction, but they are divided and generally inexperienced, whereas their opponents are tightly organized, unbelievably well heeled, ruthless and resourceful.

The first tactic of the mining cabal was to flood Charles-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ton with lobbyists toting heavy satchels, and with hundreds of people who claim to make their living by strip mining. The strippers said that their activities employ 6,700 persons who support an additional 16,300 women and children. As the "abolitionists" promptly pointed out, these figures show the tiny stake West Virginians have in the industry that is wrecking their state. Even if the statistics are correct, only 1 per cent of the people derive economic benefits from stripping. Actually, if Galperin's bill becomes law, new deep mines will promptly provide employment for many times as many men—men now on welfare and food-stamp rolls. For another generation or so, Appalachian coal is an economic imperative which will have to be mined by other means if strip mining is banned as ecologically unacceptable.

The state's other good angel is its Congressman from the Fourth District, Ken Hechler, another New Yorker and a one-time college professor turned politician. Hechler brings a formidable background of achievement to the service of his constituency. In 1969 he fought through a reluctant Congress a stringent—but as yet unenforced—new federal mine safety bill. On February 18 he dropped into the legislative hopper a bill bearing the names of twenty-nine co-sponsors and designed to outlaw strip mining for coal totally and everywhere in the United States.

These bills will probably be crushed between the wheels of public apathy and industry alarm. In fact these two able and dedicated men may find themselves driven from public life by sustained, lavishly financed campaigns. In any event, their efforts provide some measure of the despair that grips intelligent people when they comprehend the immensity of the destruction being visited on their native soil.

The Nixon Administration has made some gestures toward control over this runaway industry, but they are so gutless as to inspire no fear among strippers and little support from conservationists. Amid an almost limitless outpouring of rhetoric concerning our deteriorating environment, the most serious of all such problems has been largely ignored. Now the true scope of our national peril is recognized by growing numbers of people in and out of office who are willing to lay everything on the line in a struggle for survival. They see, clearly and with horror, that our present methods of obtaining minerals is incompatible with timber growing, wildlife, farming, potable water, natural beauty, and continued human occupancy of mined areas. That a third of our coal, to name but one mineral, is extracted by this ruinous practice outlines the magnitude of our reliance upon it. But does a high standard of living built by such means represent progress in any real sense?

Ken Hechler's colleague, freshman Ohio Rep. John Seiberling answered the question this way: "The Romans created a desert and called it peace. We create a desert and call it progress." The desert Mr. Seiberling referred to is the only land Americans will ever have. □

Today's Campus: The Eerie Calm

GRESHAM M. SYKES

Mr. Sykes is director of the Administration of Justice Program at the College of Law, University of Denver. He is the author of Crime and Society *(Random),* The Society of Captives *(Atheneum) and the forthcoming* Social Problems in America.

The eerie calm that settled over the campuses in the fall of 1970 and apparently still dominates so many colleges and universities around the country has puzzled most academics. It is one of those inexplicable shifts in mood that make social history a series of abrupt quantum jumps rather than a slow, continuous process.

Some writers see it as a happy cooling down of the American scene. "The kids," they say, "have turned serious; they've learned to work within the Establishment"; and for the writers of *Time* the sentimentality of *Love Story* becomes a beguiling indication of a widespread return to the verities. Others say that the students have tuned out completely, and are happily waiting for the spread of Consciousness III to set the world aright.

I certainly cannot tell just what has caused this moment of calm; but I think it would be a great mistake to suppose that 1971 marks the beginning of the end of unrest in American society. Instead, there is good reason to believe that 1971 is no more than a lull in the storm and that the decade of the seventies may very well make the sixties look like a picnic.

The fact is that the major social issues that shook this country in the sixties have not been resolved at all and show every sign of getting worse. The war may or may not be winding down in Vietnam, but the terrifying truth is that it doesn't make very much difference. The important point is that the United States is well on the path to learning how to make money out of war and the machines of war. Back in the thirties, we used to think that books like *Cry Havoc* were somewhat exaggerated, and the indictment of munitions makers too simple in their search for personal villains. The idea of international cabals to promote war may have been naive, and trying now to single out political figures who actually want war may be a wild distortion, but the spectacle of a society that allows or encourages its economy to become deeply enmeshed in military production is another matter. It took World War II to pull the United States really free of the depression and we today seem to be moving into an era where a great many people are convinced that military spending is necessary for economic health. If that is true—if an ABM system is thought to be good for the gross national product, whether it works or not; if we keep engaging in "incursions" when we have finished with Laos and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cambodia—we will be ready for a new version of *Catch 22,* wherein Americans will argue that the only way to be productive is to gear the economy to destruction.

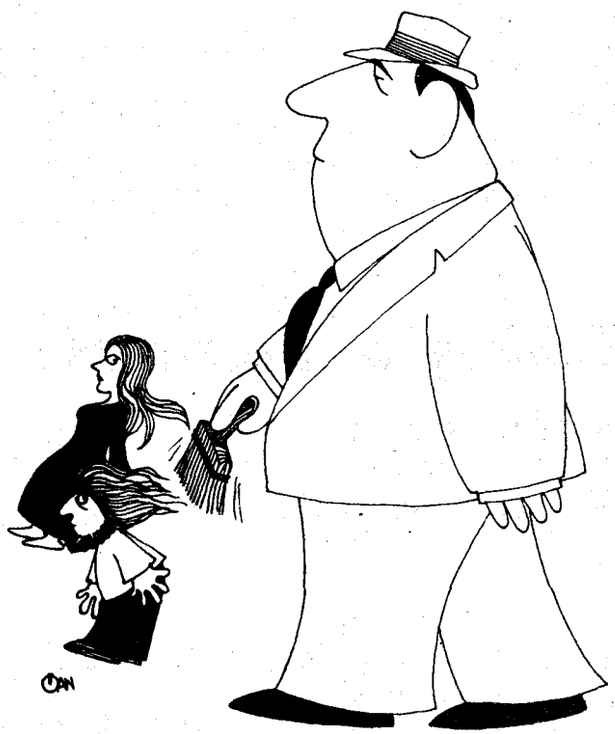
The area of race relations seems in scarcely better shape. The riots have diminished, and the violent rhetoric of black militants has slacked off considerably, but who can say that we have taken more than a faltering half-step toward "solving" the race problem? The central city gets blacker and poorer, school integration lumbers from one petty statistic of supposed progress to another, and the Congress stalls and stalls whenever it is confronted with a welfare plan that might ease the plight of the black community. I cannot believe that the anger of the Negro is somehow spent, that we can close the book on the racial disturbances of the last ten years and sigh with relief that the "pushy" demands of minority groups have ended.

Finally, the great issue that dominated so much social and political thought in the early sixties—the threat of widespread unemployment among young people who were entering the labor market just when the jobs usually available to them were disappearing—seems to be on the verge of reawakening with a roar. It is true that we missed that crisis, to some extent, but now the problem has reappeared in a more complex guise. We are perhaps approaching a time when the educational system and the occupational structure will be seriously out of step in this country.

In the first place, unemployment rates are beginning to shoot up for the younger age groups in the labor force—and particularly for Negro youths in the ghetto, where unemployment rates are horrendous. This apparently is more than a matter of the current recession and is not likely to go away. It is due in part to inadequate education and a lack of vocational skills that trap large masses of young people at the bottom of the socio-economic ladder where they drift into a mood of violent alienation. Continually dazzled by a vision of the affluent society dangled before them by the mass media, they must finally face the squalor of their own lives. To make matters worse, as Ivan Berg points out in his recent *Education and Jobs: The Great Training Robbery,* we have elevated educational prerequisites for jobs out of all proportion to the realistic requirements, so that even when people at the bottom of the heap do manage to get some degree of schooling, they still find much of the occupational structure closed to them. And the problem is also hitting the college student, who suddenly finds that the diploma held out in front of him for so long is neither a ticket of entry into the world of work nor a true symbol of an education received.

In the second place, jobs and education are progressively diverging because schooling turns large numbers of students away from the whole concept of work, even when their education is relevant to jobs and careers. It is not just that a "counter-culture" absorbs the interests and commitments of a new generation, nor simply that the politics of protest is in ascendancy. What seems to be happening, rather, is that an increasing number of students take what goes on in the school as a model of what will happen in the adult workaday world; and they then say, "If that's what it's like, we don't want it." The tyranny of grading that is often badly done or based on whims, so that it breeds anxiety rather than a sense of being objectively evaluated; the standardized mush that is compressed into textbooks and passed off as scholarship; the prison routines, particularly in the secondary schools, that make obvious that the educational system places a higher priority on order than on learning; the inability of students to gain more than a token vote in the administration of a system where they may spend as much as a quarter of their lives—all these help to create a resentment that is likely to spawn a rejection of the world to which the school is supposed to lead. It is quite possible that some of the student dissatisfaction is not justified and that the students dismiss too lightly the discipline of deferred gratification. The resentment is nonetheless there and must somehow be confronted.

Prof. Peter Berger has recently suggested in a brief article for *The New York Times* that all this may lead



to a "bluing of America"—that if upper-middle-class students want out of the system, plenty of lower-middle-class and working-class students will be happy to oblige by shouldering them aside to get at the levers of power. Maybe so. But it's more important, I think, to take this attitude as evidence that the unrest of the sixties has not collapsed into sweet contentment or even apathy.

A society devoting a large share of its productive capacity to the engines of war, and caught up in bitter discrimination and in an educational system that neither liberates the mind nor provides occupational skills—that sums up the major American dilemmas of the sixties that are still with us, ready to generate new social upheavals. We will surely encounter them again in this decade. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FLAHERTY OF PITTSBURGH

THE MAYOR IS 'NOBODY'S BOY'

RALPH Z. HALLOW
Mr. Hallow is an editorial writer for the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.

Pittsburgh

The administration of Mayor Peter F. Flaherty of Pittsburgh may provide the first textbook on the theory and practice of new politics in America. Ironically, since he took office in January of 1970, Flaherty has alienated his former liberal supporters. His once and perhaps future allies now see him as an enigma, a kind of befuddled and befuddling curiosity, and the local news media, insufficiently informative and often hostile, have failed to correct the liberals' misconceptions about the man. But then his administration is somewhat odd. Early last year, Flaherty broke off diplomatic relations with the press; he now grants almost no interviews and rarely holds a press conference. None of the traditional power wielders finds easy access to the Mayor—not the Democratic organization politicians, the corporate and banking barons, the labor bosses or even the leaders of the independent Democratic clubs which helped him defeat the machine in the primary and win election in November 1969. Yet, he had promised an "open administration."

His inaccessibility accords, however, with his boast, uttered repeatedly throughout 1969, "I'm nobody's boy!" The seriousness with which he took that slogan surprised most persons. After scoring a spectacular primary victory over a party-endorsed opponent who had tried to label him a New Left sympathizer, Flaherty stunned the Democratic machine by refusing its financial aid for the mayoral campaign. Accepting that help would have put him in debt to the party organization. Keeping that in mind, he has held *everybody* at arm's length, and his former liberal supporters, in particular, find the aloofness hard to accept. However, he had sworn to be mayor of *all* the people and to serve no special interest groups, and his rigorous adherence to that oath of neutrality, which presupposes a certain inaccessibility, may mystify or anger some groups but pleases most of the voters.

Many liberals criticize him for not having a plan. What they mean is that he hasn't told *them* what he intends to do and does not follow the old-politics rule of periodically announcing a list of goals and priorities. To please many of his critics on the Left, he should loudly bemoan the "urban crisis." With oratorical flourish, he should provide "leadership"—that is, bleed in public over the plight of the poor, the blacks and the welfare mothers. He should *talk* about the need to "move forward" (which Middle Americans correctly translate as "spend more") on housing, education and welfare. But in these days of lingering disappointment with New Frontier and Great Society rhetoric, and of exasperation with taxes and inflation, Flaherty avoids such devices as being divisive and counter-productive. Preferring not to frighten local Middle Americans, he says little and works quietly. Like Pennsylvania's newly elected Governor, multi-millionaire Milton Shapp (who may have helped finance Flaherty's campaign), Flaherty is steering a new course, neither promising the Right to hold the line nor assuring the Left that he will spend his way into a more equitable world. Abstaining from the old-politics rhetoric—to which conservatives and liberals alike are addicted—he is quietly winning the local Middle Americans and not worrying much whether the self-appointed examiners of the liberal academy will grant him new-politics certification.

Flaherty's relations with the press form part of this peculiar *modus operandi*. He has shut himself off almost completely, except for the local CBS outlet, Channel 2, whose reporters, in return, treat him gently if not quite obsequiously. Other commentators and City Hall reporters antagonized the Mayor almost from the beginning, which by no means justifies his inaccessibility and does lend credence to the allegation that he has reneged on his promise of an open administration. Nevertheless, Flaherty has his reasons. A mayor who is trying to break completely from the old machine and its long-accepted corruption might expect that the media would explain and interpret his reforms fairly, if not necessarily sympathetically. The Pittsburgh media failed Flaherty in this respect from the start.

For example, even before he was sworn in, Flaherty had announced that he intended to fire James Slusser as soon as another police superintendent could be found to replace him. Slusser had presided over the police bureau during the time it was wracked by investigations into corruption. During the mayoral campaign, Flaherty and his Republican opponent had refused to take a position on a racial issue in which Slusser was involved.

That issue had grown out of attempts by the Black Construction Coalition to open up the lily-white building trades unions. In the late summer of 1969, the coalition and its white allies began street demonstrations in downtown Pittsburgh. On one such march, the Tactical Patrol Force cornered the chanting but peaceful marchers on one of the city's many bridges. With riot sticks flailing, the police waded into the marchers and dragged dozens away to waiting vans. Slusser defended the action.

When a subsequent march, billed as Black Monday, was announced, word got out that some hard hats, from atop their construction sites, would hurl bricks and steel pipes onto the heads of demonstrators passing below. The then Mayor, Joseph Barr, thereupon ordered a one-day shutdown of all construction sites downtown, including the giant new U.S. Steel building.

The construction workers staged a counter-demonstration a few days later. As they marched, they and their police escorts exchanged broad smiles, waved little American flags and, literally, applauded each other. The march ended at City Hall, where some of the workers charged inside, storming the Mayor's offices and demanding that the city compensate them for the wages lost on Black Mon-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day. At one point, Superintendent Slusser climbed through a window onto a roof of City Hall to join a cluster of construction workers. With bullhorn in hand, he told them and their cursing, shouting fellows in the street below that their cause was just. Not surprisingly, there were few in the black community who either liked or trusted Jim Slusser.

But local Middle Americans and their spokesmen, the newsmen, liked Slusser, or at least trusted him as a tough but literate defender of *their* order, *their* jobs and *their* property rights. His police and the construction workers again showed their colors at Flaherty's inauguration. Breaking precedent by holding the ceremony out on the steps of City Hall, so that more people than just the dignitaries could attend, the new Mayor struggled to make his voice audible above the catcalls and jeers of the hard hats, teamsters and policemen in civilian clothes. Next day, the demonstrators upstaged the Mayor in the news media. Still, he recognized that the demonstration protesting his firing of Slusser was a legitimate news story, and for the next month or so Flaherty made himself freely available to the press. Meanwhile, he promoted an officer of impeccable reputation to replace Slusser.

Then came the anticipated firing of James Cortese, public safety director. Cortese had been promoted during the Barr administration from the Public Safety Department's building inspections bureau to the safety director's post. An intelligent and decent man, he knew much about building inspection but little about the police and fire bureaus, which tended to run him instead of his running them. However, the affable Cortese was as popular with reporters as he was with the police.

In order to deal fairly with Cortese, Flaherty announced early in January that he was planning to demote him to housing coordinator. A month passed, Flaherty failed to move, and Cortese waited in agony. That made the media even more sympathetic to the safety director and hostile to the Mayor.

Flaherty tried to replace Cortese with a police administration expert from Pennsylvania State University. The rebellious police, however, began to circulate reports that the professor had flunked a civil service test for a patrolman's job in Columbus, Ohio. Actually, the 33-year-old nominee had taken that test and similar ones from other cities as part of a graduate study at Michigan State University to determine whether civil service exams indicated a candidate's potential as a police officer or merely his knowledge of local events. The City Council, nevertheless, jumped on the issue, vowed it would accept only a local man as safety director and thus induced the professor to withdraw his application.

By April, Flaherty finally found his man, Assistant U. S. Atty. John Bingler, a Pittsburgher and a staunch civil libertarian. At 31, Bingler became the youngest safety director in the city's history. Although still safety director, Bingler is seeking the Democratic nomination for district attorney in next month's primary. If he wins, new politics will have made an inroad into the county wing of the Democratic machine.

But, before Flaherty appointed Bingler, a death occurred on the City Council. Getting a discreet nod from the councilmen, Cortese quit as housing coordinator. The Council welcomed him with open arms. Even though Flaherty supported his election to the Council, Cortese immediately joined the anti-Flaherty axis.

The Mayor now found himself in a situation not anticipated when he ran as an anti-machine independent whose door would always be open to the press. Although the Mayor had never explained his firing of Slusser, he could not very well have issued a press release stating, for example, that he *believed* Slusser to be racially biased or dishonest. Such a statement would have libeled

Peter F. Flaherty

Slusser, on whom no investigator had ever been able to get anything, and it might have triggered a full-scale rebellion in the police bureau. Although Flaherty could not have expected a highly favorable press on the Slusser and Cortese issues, he did expect at least a fairer one. But what came as a real surprise was the City Council's new standing with the media. The following turn of events may serve as an object lesson for practitioners of new politics in other cities.

One of Peter Flaherty's most significant achievements is the fulfillment of his pledge to transform the Council from a rubber stamp for the old Democratic organization into an independent body. His election liberated the Council from its former mayoral domination—whereupon, what the press called his tactless, graceless relations with the Council, whose members became disgruntled when he refused to wheel and deal, kept it independent with a vengeance!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Councilmen declared open season on the new Mayor; they fought him on everything from his appointments of department heads and magistrates to his elimination of wasteful spending by city government. This meant that suddenly there were, in addition to the Mayor, nine councilmen to make political pronouncements. For the first time, each of them became a news maker in his own right. The press was elated. No longer the dull, acquiescent soviet it once had been, the City Council now sounded off and made good copy. But the odds were now nine potential TV spots and newspaper quotes for the Council to the Mayor's one. This lopsided state of affairs was less the creation of the media than of the Mayor's emancipation of the Council, but Flaherty's reaction verged on paranoia. He stopped having press conferences and secluded himself in his inner offices. This behavior only exacerbated his relations with the media, which roundly and justifiably accused him of hiding from them and, therefore, from the people of Pittsburgh.

The media were not blameless either. Except for editorial discussion in one paper, the press failed to explain, for example, the significance of another of Flaherty's major reforms. On taking office, he had overturned another of the rotten institutions of the old order: the magistrate system. Formerly, city magistrates had been appointed on a patronage basis. Too often ill-educated or untrained in the law, the magistrates, or at least some of them, had been accused of cooperating with bail bondsmen and corrupt civilian clerks and police sergeants in the magistrates courtrooms. Magistrates routinely held over for court the poor and the ignorant, black and white, no matter how flimsy the evidence against them. To buy their temporary freedom until their scheduled court appearance, they had to pay a bondsman say, $100 for a $1,000 bond. Because they have lawyers and bail money of their own in the bank, the affluent are rarely victimized by the bail-bond system when they find themselves in magistrates court.

It was alleged that certain policemen, court clerks, even some magistrates got a cut from the bondsman. Certain magistrates have told me confidentially which persons engaged in this robbery of the poor. The poor defendant, of course, never got his bond fee back, even when he was later acquitted or his case was thrown out of court.

Although most liberals seem to have forgotten, one of Flaherty's first acts was to appoint magistrates who had law degrees and who opposed, to varying extents, the inequities of the bail-bond system. As a result, it is now a litle more common than before for a magistrate to release a poor defendant on his own recognizance or on a nominal ($1) bond.

The press—again with the exception of one paper's editorials—not only failed to rejoice over this small revolution in the minor judiciary; it even played up the views of the police, the chief enemies of reform. First, the press never made it clear that under recent Pennsylvania constitutional reform, the mayor is not compelled to appoint as magistrates men or women who have law degrees. The constitution requires that a member of the minor judiciary be a member of the bar (a state-licensed lawyer) *or* that he take an eight-week course (which some attorneys have dubbed the "Mickey Mouse course") in the law and then pass a true-false, multiple-choice quiz. He need have no other education.

Flaherty first appointed as chief magistrate a lawyer sympathetic to the poor and antagonistic to the bail-bond system, which is to say that in the eyes of some policemen the appointee was a "nigger lover" and a spoiler. Demonstrating even more initiative than in the case of the Penn State professor, the police pulled from their bureau's "I.D." section files revealing that the new chief magistrate had been arrested but *not* convicted on a morals charge. The police mailed photocopies of the file to the news media and to every councilman. Whatever the facts in the case, the police and the Council had caught the Mayor and the chief magistrate on a technicality. The man had falsified his civil service application by failing to state that he had once been arrested. Not all councilmen nor all the local press waded into this mud. In its lead editorial of February 6, the *Post-Gazette* carefully pointed out that although "Landis erred in falsifying the . . . application . . . the most zealous in an effort to have Landis ousted were rank and file policemen who are evidently irked by the fact that he and other new lawyer-magistrates have been acting like impartial judges and not like mere agents of the Police Bureau."

Most of the media, however, made no effort to put the Landis case into perspective, and at least one TV reporter recited for viewers the details on that arrest record. The Council condemned Flaherty for not having checked more carefully into the background of his appointees; one councilman even called for *police* investigations of all new appointees. The upshot was that Landis resigned, and most people were given the impression by the press that the Council had again exposed the Mayor's ineptitude.

Having struck down Flaherty's appointments of public safety director and of chief magistrate, Council and the police attacked again. This time the target was a black magistrate, a young man named Earl Harris, a law-school graduate who had passed neither the state bar exam nor taken and passed the eight-week "Mickey Mouse" course. The course had been offered for the first time before Harris' appointment, and was not scheduled to be held again for several months. The police uncovered his technical ineligibility *after* he had kicked bail bondsmen out of his courtroom and begun, where appropriate, to grant nominal or "own-recognizance" bonds. Again, the Council deplored in the press Flaherty's failure to check the credentials of his appointees. Harris was forced to resign and to remain without a job until he could take the eight-week course and quiz. He passed, and rejoined the bench several months later. Meanwhile, except for one editorial comment, the media presented no stories on the kind of reforms Harris had been making in his courtroom.

If the media demonstrated no initiative, neither did Flaherty attempt to use the press to educate the citizenry on his magistrate and bail-bond reforms. This was not because of pique; the political reasons for his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reticence are instructive. Only some informed liberals and the poor themselves—that is, a minority of the electorate—favor such reforms. Unless the press will take a crusading, coordinated stand, it is easy for self-serving councilmen and policemen to convince Middle Americans that bail and magistrate reform favor criminals over the honest, hard-working taxpayer. Given his experience with the press, Flaherty felt that he could not trust it to champion his case.

So, to prop up his somewhat waning popularity with the electorate and to go on making the changes he felt were important, Flaherty needed an issue so intrinsically popular with the majority that neither the old city and county Democratic organizations nor the press could use it against him. Among his campaign pledges was the one sure-fire issue of the present decade: economy in government. He had promised to "trim the fat" from the City Hall budget.

During his first year, then, he periodically announced the dismissals of hundreds of employees who had been hired by past administrations for make-work patronage jobs. Flaherty had the whip hand over the machine councilmen and the press on this issue. If they criticized him for heartlessly putting people out of work, he and the average citizen could retort that city government is not a welfare agency and that property taxes would have to be raised to cover the ever increasing wage demands of city employees. The editorialists generally applauded his payroll cutting—with the proviso that it not impair city services. Happily for Flaherty, most councilmen, intoxicated by their recent turns in the limelight and still under the spell of old-politics platitudes, took his bait. Thus unfolded the curious spectacle of councilmen publicly committing political suicide by attacking the Mayor for his economies and shedding tears for the fired payrollers. As time passed and the firings continued, Flaherty's popularity grew. Some councilmen began to back off from the issue.

In the high-ceilinged, mahogany dimness of the City Council's chambers there dwelled, however, one poor councilman who simply could not shake free. Thomas Fagan, acknowledged ringleader of the anti-Flaherty forces, was also president of the Teamsters local, to which the city's truck drivers belonged, and was running for office with the international union. Under pressure to defend labor's interests on the Council, he was forced into the position of opposing economy in government. Fagan, more than any other councilman, was caught in the old-politics quagmire.

As Flaherty's first year of office moved into the fall and then winter, Fagan steadily mounted the scaffold. But it wasn't until Flaherty scored his greatest success to date with the majority of voters that Fagan finally managed to hang himself. In December 1970, Flaherty submitted to the City Council a budget which called for no new spending *and* no increase of property taxes. Exercising its year-old independence, the Council called it a phony budget with a built-in surplus of $5 million and claimed that Flaherty's austerity budget had been overzealous.

The councilmen jammed back a few items into the budget; Flaherty refused to yield. He signed the taxing portion of the budget but let the spending section become law without his signature. Pittsburgh's Council may appropriate but it cannot spend, and the Mayor vowed he would not spend a cent over his original budget. Among the Council's additions to that budget was one that finished Fagan.

The city employed five plumbers whose only real job was to install 5-pound water meters around the city. In the interest of payroll padding, Fagan's Teamsters were employed to chauffeur the plumbers to each job in city trucks. Flaherty's budget eliminated those chauffeur jobs; the plumbers would have to drive themselves to work. In protest, Fagan's Teamsters walked off their jobs, and the plumbers followed. So did another Teamsters local, the one that had organized the garbage collectors. Eventually, 1,800 of the city's nearly 6,000 employees were on strike. Flaherty's irresistible austerity thus met labor's machine-backed and supposedly immovable obstructionism. The collision was ideal for the Mayor. Middle Americans, blacks, businessmen, liberals, executives, in short, everybody in Pittsburgh, found his city services diminished and his garbage piling up—all because of Fagan's opposition to Flaherty's economy measures.

Though Pennsylvania's new public employees law makes it the only mainland state to give government employees a limited right to strike, this strike was illegal. The municipal workers had not yet negotiated a collective bargaining agreement with the city, as required by law. Nor had they gone through a set of requisite pre-strike procedures. With most people believing that Fagan and perhaps even former Mayor Joe Barr (who still rules the city Democratic organization) were behind the strike, Fagan went on television to tell viewers that, yes, the strike was illegal but, also yes, it was justifiable because it involved a jurisdictional dispute. Then Flaherty took to the tube. Relaxed and smiling as always, he quietly observed that because the strike was illegal he would not follow Fagan's suggestion that he negotiate with the plumbers and Teamsters *before* they returned to work. Everybody would simply have to get back on the job, and forfeit pay for the days lost during the strike. He, the elected Mayor, and not the unions, was running the city, and he would decide which jobs were necessary. If and when the plumbers returned, they would have to chauffeur themselves.

It was mid-January, and the piled-up garbage was less of a health hazard than it might have been in July. Pickets stomped their feet and blew on their hands in front of City Hall. Other strikers surrounded one of the city's water-filtration plants and, in effect, imprisoned twenty-five nonstriking workers inside the building. Living in the plant, the workers made sure that the city's water supply was properly treated with chemicals. Then one day the strikers broke into the building and threatened to firebomb the workers' homes. Fifteen workers gave in to the intimidation and left the plant. Other strikers forcibly turned back a train carrying water-purification chemicals destined for the plant. Scattered violence erupted elsewhere. Fire destroyed three city trucks, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unknown persons hurled rocks through windows at City Hall.

The Flaherty administration announced, meanwhile, that plastic garbage bags would be available at fire stations. Thousands of Pittsburghers responded by stuffing their garbage in these bags and personally delivering them to the city's garbage transfer station.

Flaherty understood that the longer the strike lasted, the more mistakes his enemies would make. Each violent act brought more phone calls and letters to the Mayor's office from citizens offering to help in the fight against the machine and the unions. With his popularity growing, Flaherty refused to seek an injunction against the strikers. He stood fast for an amalgam of old- and new-politics reasons. First, he distrusted a good many of the Common Pleas Court judges, who in one way or another were tied up with the old machine. Labor was the biggest bloc vote in the old state Democratic Party. Flaherty believed that, though the courts would probably force the strikers back to work, they would also order him to negotiate with the unions. That would rob Flaherty of total victory in one of the most unpopular strikes in the city's long history of strikes.

He knew, also, that he would eventually have to undergo a test of strength with organized labor, which was part of the old machine. Why not, then, make the present strike that test? Not only did he have Middle Americans on his side but he had also won over the black community. Several of its leaders had gone on television to slam the black president of the garbage men's union for siding with the largely white, racist unions in a dispute in which the Mayor was right.

The longer the strike lasted, finally, the higher Flaherty's popularity soared and the greater his chance to attract the nationwide publicity which he had been shunning until he could come forward with a sure-fire issue. No national labor leader with political savvy was likely to attack Pittsburgh's Mayor for attempting to act like an employer instead of an *employee* of the unions, especially when the city's health was endangered (besides, at $11,000 per year, Pittsburgh's garbage men are among the highest paid in the nation).

Now the crisis took a turn that was almost too good to be true. Two of the three commissioners of Allegheny County, which includes Pittsburgh, are old-school Democrats, who had been feuding with Flaherty ever since he beat the city wing of the party organization in the 1969 primary. The County Health Department has jurisdiction over the city, and the department's director, Dr. Frank Clack, a decent, progressive man, nevertheless owes his job to the commissioners. For their part, the commissioners saw the strike as an opportunity to dump some political garbage on Flaherty. Their man Clack therefore asked the courts to order the *city*—not the striking garbage men—to remove piled-up refuse from twelve public and private institutions. The court issued the order and Flaherty was at last given his opening to the national scene.

Early the next morning, Flaherty and a few of his department heads, using rented trucks, collected garbage from the designated institutions. Pickets, piling into their cars, vowed that the truck convoy would never dump its load at the city's garbage transfer station. But suddenly General Flaherty split up the convoy, raced his half of it to a sanitary land fill in the neighboring county and threw the enemy into disabling confusion. While Pittsburghers were cheering TV newsfilm of their Mayor's garbage chase, pictures of Flaherty the Garbage Collector appeared in newspapers from Washington to New York. Two days later, a second court order ended the ten-day-old strike.

Flaherty was left the undisputed champion of the people and slayer of the ancient dragon of labor-political bossism. More important, his skill and the opposition's ineptitude have given him a reserve of popular good will which he will need if he is to finish the job of flushing corruption out of the magistrates courts and the police. Even Flaherty's handful of new-breed magistrates find their reform efforts blocked. Because the county administration, the judges, the district attorney's office and a number of policemen are still tied in with the old politics of both the Democratic and the Republican Parties (which have always shared—though unevenly—the power and the wealth), even so small a matter as transferring certain magistrates court clerks and police sergeants known to be in collusion with bail bondsmen has so far proved impossible. And in another area, the ghettos have yet to be cleaned up and provided with adequate housing for the overcrowded blacks who in the 1950s found that in Pittsburgh urban renewal meant Negro removal. More recently, new highways gouging through the city have uprooted whites, and they also need new homes.

Besides the "urban crisis" faced by all big-city mayors, Flaherty can look forward to the ironic twist that his success may give to his liberation of the City Council. If his popularity holds up, he may run his own slate of candidates in future Council elections. If, further, that slate should win, the City Council could conceivably become Flaherty's rubber stamp. Would that mean that what had started out as an experiment in new politics had come full circle, with a Flaherty machine cozily running the city and dispensing favors to its friends? Or is it possible that Flaherty, together with an old-politics liberal, Gov. Milton Shapp, can build a statewide organization unlike previous ones? Can Steel City's "nobody's boy" resist adopting, out of political necessity, a whole family of sycophants and petty thieves who will eventually become the grand thieves of the old order? The cynics, many of them liberals, are lying in wait. They may prove to be the last group whom Flaherty has to defeat. □

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Because of postal regulations, *The Nation*'s mailing list must be arranged according to Zip Codes. Therefore—with *any* correspondence about address changes, renewals, etc.—please enclose the address label from your *Nation*. If you don't have a label, be sure to include your Zip number, and *be sure it is correct*. Without it, we cannot find your name plate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRIORITIES OR TRUST FUNDS?

BEN KELLEY and RICHARD HEBERT
Mr. Kelley, former public affairs director for the Federal Highway Administration, is author of the forthcoming The Pavers and the Paved *(Donald Brown). Mr. Hébert was an investigative reporter for* The Atlanta Constitution *from 1961 to 1969. Both are now with the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety.* *Their article was written with the assistance of a grant from the Fund for Investigative Journalism.*

Road building's longstanding trust-fund arrangement with Congress is on its way out, and in its stead a general transportation trust fund hovers on the legislative horizon.

Fifteen years ago Congress enacted the highway trust fund and the Interstate Highway program, and the United States confidently embarked on its expressway era, convinced that it could defend itself against the imminent chaos of surface transportation by pouring a Maginot Line of high-speed roads in, around and between its cities.

Today, when the 42,500-mile network of expressways is almost completed, the nation's transportation debilities are even more severe than they were in 1956—particularly in and near the highway-linked cities themselves. The nation's faith that freeways and cars could meet its transportation pressure has been painfully shattered.

Mayors, Congressional leaders and even such old-shoe allies of the road builders as governors are rebelling against the highway program's hammerlock on "highway use" taxes. The House and Senate Public Works Committees, historically friendly to highway spending, declined in the last session of Congress to approve the full-scale extension of the program through 1985 that was sought by road lobbyists. Instead, they set, and the Congress approved, a 1977 cutoff date, pending a "needs estimate" for the period 1976-90 that must be developed by the Department of Transportation and sent to Congress this year.

When the bulldozers and graders started to penetrate densely populated urban centers in the mid-1960s, popular support for the program began to wither. Public anger at road-building abuses has by now pulled highway officials and their programs down from a position of unquestioned domination over national surface transportation policy to one of growing accountability to increasingly harsh questioning of highway-planning practices and spending priorities. The highway trust fund has become a symbol of all that has gone wrong in the expressway era.

Eager to dissociate themselves from the highway fund's sagging reputation, road interest groups are themselves beginning to speak favorably about a general transportation trust fund. They would like it to include a sheltered account that sets highway-generated taxes aside for spending on highway projects only—sort of a fund-within-a-fund—but as the highway fund's expiration date draws closer, the road lobbyists are likely to drop this unrealistic protectionist demand. They will reason that it's better to have the security of some kind of earmarked federal money that must be shared with others—than none at all. In terms of industry self-interest, they will be right. That an earmarked fund will best serve public policy is another matter to be considered in a moment.

Already, the White House has proposed, as part of its long-term revenue-sharing push, a special kitty made up of some $2 billion drawn annually from federal airway and highway trust funds and the general treasury. This new fund would be parceled out to state and local governments, which could use their shares on whatever sorts of transportation projects they saw fit. A weakness of the proposal is that $4 billion a year in Interstate funds would still remain in the highway trust fund, exempt from local discretionary use.

Meanwhile, a general transportation trust fund idea has been pushed, gently but seriously, by Transportation Secretary John Volpe, who has said more than once that he agrees "in principle" to the eventual reformation of the road fund into an all-purpose depository that could gather tax revenues from non-highway as well as highway use—the latter, though, would far outweigh all other sources combined—and might also be supplemented with donations from the general treasury. (Highway use tax revenues now in the highway trust fund may be used only for road building, and 80 per cent of the $5 billion-a-year account goes to interstate mileage.)

Volpe is not risking his or the Administration's political necks; the electorate is becoming so disenchanted with highway projects and highway people that even the most rabid road boosters in Congress think twice these days before speaking out on behalf of road builders. One who did not think twice was George Fallon, long-time chairman of the House Public Works Committee, which has jurisdiction over highway bills. Fallon's persistent, unabashed flying of the road lobby's standard contributed to his primary defeat last fall in Baltimore—a city still smarting from the effects of heavy-handed expressway planning that fell particularly harshly on black residents.

The idea of a transportation trust fund has bipartisan support in both houses of Congress, and last summer the National Governors' Conference, once a champion of the highway trust fund, jolted the road lobby by demanding that the federal government so amend its laws that each governor might "exercise his executive prerogatives . . . by having the ability to transfer, upon a limited basis, funds among the various federal transportation trust funds and grant programs to meet his own state's priority transportation needs." In other words, governors now want the right to spend federal highway trust fund dollars on non-highway transportation improvements—mass-transit development, intercity rail service, conceivably even air terminal or seaport modernization.

It is a right that more and more governors are exercising over state highway trust funds. State legislators have begun lifting the ban against using state-raised gasoline taxes for purposes other than road expansion and maintenance. Maryland, at the behest of Gov. Marvin Mandel, created both a state department of transportation *and* a truly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intermodal transportation improvement fund, although to get his proposals through, Mandel had to withstand a singularly abusive, emotion-pitched campaign of opposition by the American Automobile Association and allied road-support organizations. Twelve other states now have intermodal transportation departments, a few of which have the right to "divert" state gasoline taxes to non-highway projects. At least eight other states are considering such departments.

Many mayors were trying to supplant the federal highways-or-nothing fund with a general transportation fund well before Volpe and other federal policy makers took up the cause. As the elected official who often stood helplessly by while his city was disfigured and dismembered by unwanted freeways forced upon it by federal and state policies, the mayor learned early in the Interstate program that roadway blessings could be mixed indeed. In most states, highway decisions have been openly handed down or covertly engineered by the state highway agency and the governor. Unless he was particularly tough-minded, the mayor found himself rubber-stamping whatever state road planners and federal policies had determined to do to his community.

And when he did resist, the cost could be high. San Francisco's Mayor John Shelly could not have taken much pleasure from rejecting nearly $300 million in federal assistance in 1966; but reject it he did, because the money could be used only for building expressway mileage that the city's inhabitants neither wanted nor needed. Mayor John Lindsay of New York was faced more recently with the same sorry choice when he turned down the Cross-Brooklyn and Lower Manhattan expressways —two road-building schemes that are anathema to New Yorkers but to which would have been attached many tens of millions of trust-fund dollars.

Such sacrifices of federal road dollars—money collected from urban as well as rural drivers—are especially galling to cities because they have desperately needed, but have usually been unable to get, similarly large sums of federal-aid money to develop or improve downtown and suburban mass-transportation systems, and thus tempt the public away from cars and into alternate, congestion-relieving means of peak-hour travel. The car-owning city dweller's contribution to the trust fund, made via gas taxes, has simply bought him a bigger transportation headache.

To date, Volpe has been reticent about the details of the general transportation trust fund he envisions, but others have been less cautious. A legislative proposal by Sen. Gaylord Nelson (D., Wis.) would permit governors to direct Interstate and other federal highway dollars into urban mass-transportation modes and facilities. A basically tough bill, it has some weak points. It ignores other transportation spending activities—the airport and airways trust fund, mass-transit expenditures from the general treasury, and the newly created Rail Passenger Corporation's budget—and it fails to distinguish between urban and rural transportation needs and preferences. But Senator Nelson's bill would at least provide a legislative springboard for the transportation trust fund idea.

A more developed proposal is contained in a bill introduced in the House by Rep. Edward Koch (D., N.Y.) and in the Senate by Sen. Edward M. Kennedy (D., Mass.). Laying out a two-year scheme for making the difficult transition, it would first create a paper "transportation trust fund" into which all current federal transport dollars would go—the airport and airways trust fund, highway trust fund, existing mass-transit authorizations, etc. To these would be added auto excise taxes, which now go into the general treasury, initially to boost levels of federal aid for mass transit. For a year this paper fund would operate only as a "consolidated conduit for transportation money," and pre-existing earmarkings would be respected, except that a maximum of "10 per cent of the funds for any of those [existing] programs would be shifted to another program." That is, no more than $500 million of the $5 billion highway trust fund could be used during this initial year for non-highway transportation.

But also during the Kennedy-Koch start-up year, Volpe's Department of Transportation would be required to develop and submit a blueprint for transport expenditures by government in the coming decade, "in order to achieve a balanced transportation system in accordance with the national transportation policy" that DOT is understood to be already drafting. The agency "also would recommend to Congress how the transportation functions within the government should be reorganized in order to assure effective, coordinated policy management cutting across rigid modal lines." Finally, after the Congress had adopted the DOT plan or some variant of it, the "new unified trust fund would be the source of all transportation expenditures for [the remainder of] the decade of the 1970s," without distinction as to mode or categories of revenue sources.

Kennedy-Koch pulls no punches; if it's a transportation trust fund that Volpe wants, he could ask for no better starting point than this ambitious bill. That a unified trust fund is what the Transportation Department *should* be seeking is, however, another matter.

It makes no public policy sense to project the concept of the highway trust fund into the broadened frame of general transportation. The highway fund generated abuses, and there is no reason to assume that an intermodal fund could avoid the same evils. Even a well-conceived transportation trust fund could develop some of the highway trust fund's worst features: insulation from periodic review and adjustment, growth unrelated to public need, and propagation of outsized lobbies.

Earmarked money circumvents the traditional budget and review processes of government. What determines the size and growth rate of earmarked funds is not public need but the amount of revenue produced by statutorily committed taxes—in the case of the highway fund, gasoline and other "highway use" taxes that swell in volume as more people drive more cars that use more gasoline on more new highways.

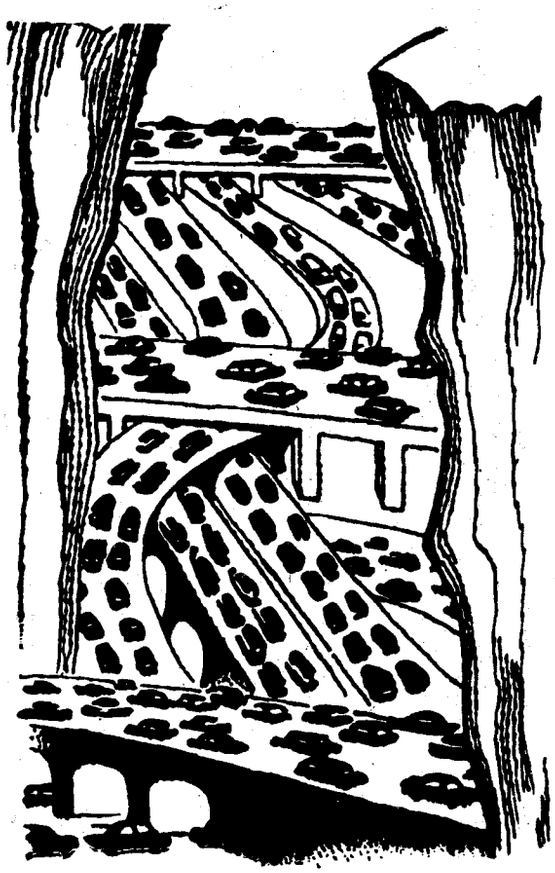
James Nelson, an Amherst College professor who specializes in transportation problems, warned the Senate Subcommittee on Economy in Government in 1969 that when Congress invests the public's money on such terms, it sacrifices "policy planning, economic analysis and Congressional scrutiny," and requires instead "a total level of federal expenditure" based on the fund's income

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"rather than the prospective demand which should be efficiently met."

In the case of road building financed by the trust fund, spending has not only failed to reflect accurately the level of public demand for highways as opposed to other modes of transportation; it has also ignored the proper place of highways in the ranking of all national priorities. Schools, housing, urban redevelopment, pollution abatement, health care, police protection and job training contend in the open market for public money; road building, assigned to a trust fund, does not.

Furthermore, a trust fund tends to breed a sprawling complex of economic interests, which can be counted on to warn of economic dislocation, real or imagined, when the fund shrinks or disappears. A complete list of the highway trust fund's "welfare recipients" would fill pages. It would include 5,500 member companies of the American Road Builders Association; "highway construction provides their only income," ARBA says. It would also include those who sell and make cars, on whose behalf the president of the Automobile Manufacturers Association proclaimed in 1955 that adoption of the Interstate program would help market "a net gain of 23 million vehicles in use by 1965." (His prophecy was close to the mark: during the trusts fund's first nine years—from July 1, 1956 to July 1, 1965—motor vehicle registration swelled by 22.7 million vehicles.) It would include also the companies belonging to the Portland Cement Association, Asphalt Institute, American Trucking Associations, National Association of Motor Bus Owners and—the misnomered star atop the crown of the highway movement—the Highway Users Federation for Safety and Mobility. It would include, finally, the millions of workers who pay dues to the Teamsters, United Auto Workers and various highway construction trade unions. Transforming the highway trust fund into a transportation trust fund might well serve to escalate the inflexible highway lobby into a bigger, but still inflexible, transportation lobby in which pavers, materials makers, vehicle manufacturers and various industrial and union relatives put aside their healthy differences in order to protect an expanded source of guaranteed dollars from public tampering and periodic Congressional adjustment.



There is also the danger that when government adopts a trust-funding policy it commits itself to alliance with the industry for which perpetuation of the fund becomes an end in itself. The highway lobby now consists of more than the contractors who build roads and the industrialists who refine oil and make cars; it also includes state highway officials, U.S. Government administrators of highway munificence and political horse traders of freeway projects in federal and state legislatures.

In addition to the lessons offered by the highway trust fund, the Transportation Department and Congress have had a recent opportunity to observe how a method different from the transportation fund might work. Harassed by mounting urban pressures for a decently funded federal aid-to-mass-transit program, Volpe announced in early 1969 that he favored using auto excise taxes for a mass-transit trust fund. Despite auto industry opposition, he asked the White House to include a mass-transit trust fund in the Administration's legislative program. The Bureau of the Budget, long-time unsuccessful foe of the highway trust fund, balked; so instead of a trust fund, the White House agreed that mass transit should seek "contract authority"—funds from the general treasury set aside by Congress in advance for specified long-term programs. Doomed to go away empty-handed if they held out for a trust fund, the transit men resigned themselves to supporting the Administration's approach.

Mass-transit lobbyists—equipment makers, bus owners, and organized urban and public-transit officials—then effected a resourceful stratagem: they moved to enlist their traditional enemies, the highway advocates, to their cause. They reasoned that if highway devotees wanted to make sure that mass transit would not some day attempt to raid the highway trust fund—as it had tried, without result, in the mid-1960s—or to get control of auto excise taxes, they ought to join in the lobbying effort to endow mass transit with its own long-term financial guarantee from the federal government.

While highway supporters did not rush to testify in favor of mass transit's program, their earlier opposition was silenced and a few components of the powerful highway lobby—most notably the Automobile Manufacturers Association—did actually show up to testify to the "urgent need" for urban public transportation assistance.

Most highway lobbyists took advantage of the new issue to promote their own cause as well—preservation of the highway trust fund in its undiluted form. A typical highway lobby statement on behalf of the transit program was presented by Lyman W. Slack, president of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

National Automobile Dealers Association, to the Senate Subcommittee on Housing and Urban Affairs. In a curious twist of logic, Slack said that government should not break its "contractual and trust relationship" with highway users that guarantees their taxes will be used for highways only, but that while "one does not have to look very far" to see the need for improved public transportation, *its* funding should come from the general treasury so that "Congress will be in a flexible position [and] not be limited to specified sources of revenue."

The freeway-subway marriage of convenience worked well. In October 1970, President Nixon signed into law a "contract authority" act passed in substantially the form he had proposed in August 1969: a twelve-year program to spend an intended $10 billion. The Transportation Department can now enter into contracts with local transit governing agencies that guarantees them a schedule of matching grants extending over a five-year period, even though Congress has not yet appropriated the funds. The law sets limits on the amounts that can be scheduled for paying out in grants each year to the local agencies, and limits to $3.1 billion the amount the department can obligate during the first five years. The Congress has committed itself to appropriate in future years the amounts of money needed to make good on the grants, within the limits set by Congress. Thus a local transit agency has the assurance—once it enters into a contract with the department—of continued federal funding; it will not be left with an empty hole in the ground once it has started a project.

A mass-transit trust fund would have been pegged on earmarked tax sources. The "contract authority" is not. Its money will be appropriated out of the general treasury. The transportation secretary must report to Congress every two years the amount he thinks he will need to obligate for two years beyond his current authorizations —thus always maintaining a five-years-in-advance program of contracts with local agencies. In this way, Congress can expand or whittle the transit program's authorizations every two years, basing its decisions on shifts in national pending priorities.

With the new federal program, the entire field of urban mass transit is expected to explode into a turmoil of buying and selling. Supply firms such as General Electric, Westinghouse, Rohr Corporation (makers of San Francisco's BART cars), Pullman-Standard, St. Louis Car, General Signal and Westinghouse Air Brake will undoubtedly take advantage of the new market by throwing more and more resources into their transit system divisions—and those divisions can be relied on in the future to wail quite as loudly about economic hardship over any proposal to cut back their federal financing as do highway interests today.

If national priorities eventually were to shift away from urban transit, such companies and the government agencies to which they sell—both at the urban level and in the DOT—would try to keep the transit assistance pump running at peak capacity. But a safeguard is available in urban mass transit's "contract authority," which anticipates that Congress will control the aid program through its biennial authorizations process.

A general transportation trust fund may seem to the Transportation Department to be an obvious outgrowth of the highway trust fund, but if there had never been a highway trust fund, and if road construction were being paid for today, like everything else, out of the general treasury on the basis of contract authority and periodic review, no responsible federal official would consider paying for transportation projects in any way different. Contract authority may yet be the best approach to a viable long-term transportation improvement policy.

Under contract authority, an overdue measure of flexibility could be introduced into overall transportation priority setting. Determination of which major transportation projects are to be funded out of an omnibus "transportation contract authority" could be left largely to local communities. Taxes would no longer be assigned "use" labels but would become transportation resources which, if unused, would revert to the general treasury. Meanwhile, lesser spot improvements of transportation facilities—those not requiring long-term financing—would vie for resources from the general treasury just as other public programs do. Thus, once again, a project would have reasonable assurance of being carried through to completion, but would not have the particularly onerous aftereffect of leaving a purse of unused, accumulating federal dollars going in search of other projects.

All this would require a restructuring of the administrative machinery that now runs transport spending programs—a restructuring, as the Kennedy-Koch bill puts it, to "assure effective, coordinated policy management cutting across rigid modal lines." As organized at present, the Transportation Department is a holding company for a half dozen semi-autonomous bureaucracies, each jealous of its realm and assigned dollars. If transportation is to become truly balanced, then the department must become a single agency in fact as well as name, able to fit solutions to problems instead of simply fitting programs to money, political muscle or policy inertia. □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 482)*

tion of the eclectic *Island*—where the word "mystic" rarely even appears. The point is rather that men can become *aware*—of themselves, of one another, and of the ultimate. Since they have complex bodies as well as complex psyches, they must act on various levels; since they differ from one another, they must proceed in various ways. Where are ascetic pretensions, escapism and self-indulgence here?

Contradictions involved in Woodcock's theories of art undermine his handling of Huxley and his attack upon me. He sees but a "fragment of truth" in my view of Huxley's work as confessional, then adds that Huxley "constantly" developed his characters out of himself. In another statement neither illustrated nor proved, "the rejection of aesthetic considerations . . . leads to the rational weakness of Huxley's final position." Yet he also calls Huxley an "eminently reasonable prophet" who produced "good craftsmanly writing . . . to the end." After criticizing *my* style for "fragmentary quotation," he collects a score of my words and phrases (and Huxley's) to produce a sentence that is obviously his. And after emphasizing the importance of proportion, he offers the slightest of parentheses as a major geographical mistake, and a misplaced hyphen as a shocking scholarly sin. . . .

Charles M. Holmes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Brecht Returns as a Classic

COLLECTED PLAYS. *By Bertolt Brecht. Edited by Ralph Manheim and John Willett. Vol. I.* (*Includes* Baal, Drums in the Night, In the Jungle of Cities, The Life of Edward the Second of England, *Five One-Act Plays.*) *Pantheon Books. 463 pp. $10.*

LEE BAXANDALL
Mr. Baxandall has written extensively on Bertolt Brecht.

It's strange that so much fuss has been made over Brecht. Indeed, he is a great poet. But few British or Americans can read his German poems, and on the whole the translations of his verse into English have so far been inadequate. He is, perhaps, an even greater dramatist. Yet the professional stages of America botch his plays almost in direct proportion to the ambition of their productions. The splendid and memorable stagings were done where few people are likely to have seen them. Can intelligent and strong but obscure productions off-Off-Broadway and on campuses account for the wide recognition of Brecht's powers? It is true that the texts of the major plays have mostly been available for some years in serviceable and often very good translations, thanks to the efforts and dedication of Eric Bentley. But is the reputation of playwrights generally made on the printed page?

And consider the assist which filmed versions of their plays have given the reputations of Albee, Williams, Miller, Shaw, Bolt, Inge, Owens, Gelber, Anouilh, Giraudoux, even Genêt. Why should Brecht be the most admired dramatist of our time, when (aside from the *Dreigroschenoper* film, against which he filed a lawsuit in repudiation) not one of Brecht's plays can be seen on film in the English-speaking countries?

This apparent resistance of Brechtian theatre to being converted into film may also reveal something about the remarkable affinity of Brecht's expressive powers to the requirements of the stage. The plays of other authors may go over more readily into other mediums just because they are not nearly as uniquely suited to the theatre.

Films were made in East Germany of Brecht's *Mother* and *Mother Courage*, based on his own stagings. These were deliberately conceived as preservations of the theatre performances. As such they may chiefly interest a rather specialized audience; but in this limited purpose of the two films lies their true success.

On the other hand, to read a Brecht dramatic text seems to result in more intensively imaginative re-creation of the playwright's creation than is the case with the texts of most other recent writers in the theatre. And this, too, seems a proof of the strong affinity of his mind for the stage.

And it is precisely his *mind* on which we ought to focus our discussion. The quality of Brecht's thought is as important to his artistic achievement as are his skills with poetry and dramatic constructions. And more: the energy of mind that Brecht generated, interlaced thoroughly with the other artistic elements, has scarcely been matched in our day; the thought is what yields that surpassing measure of surplus-value in his production.

Thought is, however, not an exercise in the abstract, though it can claim and even seem to be; and strong artistic thought is least of all abstract. What is the concrete space and time in which Brecht's consciousness roved?

Brecht was writing against the heritage of the Naturalist theatre, with its concept of the overwhelming natural and social determinants of the fate of man and the virtual futility of any resistance. He started to write as the carnage of World War I sank into the general mind, a sufficient proof as many thought (including a good number of writers like Dos Passos) that human freedom was indeed nonsense. Granted that the Expressionist theatre was then in fashion; yet Expressionism knew itself to be a frothy spume riding the dark tide of determinism. The truth was that the Naturalist "moment" was still artistically in force. Philosophically, it defined the poetry and structure of the theatre craft; and only through a philosophical challenge could the definition of stagecraft be fundamentally shifted. George Lukacs, writing his *Sociology of the Modern Drama* a few years earlier, had similarly observed that the sense of the futility of human action had been internalized as the central question of the dramatist's options in making a plot and characters, not to mention the "ideas" in his plays.

Brecht's earliest plays—those in the volume under review, and *A Man's a Man*, in particular—reflect the Naturalist spirit. Their "scientific" aloofness to the aims of human actions, their "dispassionate" refusal to believe that any value but consciousness itself has any true value, are but a special and highly talented version of the "moment" which constituted the crisis in theatre, in social life and in thought.

Yet Brecht's thought and vitality already edged beyond the Naturalist limits. To adopt a clinical stance was a means of breaking away from the fruitless grappling that *In the Jungle of Cities* depicted. And if Brecht's characters were not yet as lucid as they were to become, nonetheless they abounded with appetites that burst the narrow limits of action appropriate to the Naturalist state of mind. Then too, Brecht was already for having signs put up where his plays were acted, urging spectators: "Stop that romantic gaping." Already, he realized that consistency of thought meant that the relationship with the audience, too, had to change.

Here I believe is the source of Brecht's stature which makes him matter to us so much despite all obstacles. He was supremely intelligent among the modern playwrights; he was at the forefront of *concretely* solving the intellectual riddles of our time, as perhaps only playwrights have the ultimate artistic opportunity to be. Of course, like his earliest dramatic hero Baal he, too, could be fantastically charming. But he realized that the ultimate charm of all is—freedom. If Brecht didn't give us many "positive" heroes, he nonetheless infused his creations in myriad big and little ways with the consciousness that meant Naturalism had been superseded.

We needn't be victims. That conviction is at the core of Brecht's allure. Moreover, he proved his thought in his acts. Especially by knowing when it was time to exchange countries; and to which country it was wise to move.

Almost twenty-five years ago, Bertolt Brecht left the United States for his second and last time. The House Un-American Activities Committee had called him in to explain his play *The Measures Taken*. Brecht retorted that he couldn't discuss it since the translation was so poor. The HUAC also wanted to know just whom he had been in the habit of playing chess with in Holly-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wood, and what was said. This country had always engrossed Brecht. Its reckless "modernity" in technology, but especially its enterprising individualism, however gangsterial that might be. But as the Nixon-McCarthy enforcers began to hedge in on the complainers, Brecht thought he'd carried his touristic risks far enough. He split for another rough scene which, however, seemed to offer better long-term prospects—yes, even for the exceptionally enterprising person (who in time might not be required to prove so ruthless).

In the self-styled Socialist quarter of his native Germany, Brecht continued his writing, and he began to shape the intentions of his earlier years (the *Versuche,* "experiments") into stage and book "models" for the canny utilization of others who would come after him. Even as a young man of less than 30, Brecht admitted that the modern age had produced "classic" thinkers to meet its own requirements of knowledge and change (Einstein, Marx and Engels, Lenin); and as he coolly recognized at about the same time, his plays and poetry and dramatic theory were likely to play a similar role.

Brecht didn't see any reason to deny the size of his talent and originality, or his potential influence. He deliberately wrote to be as desirable and useful to as many men and women as he could and for as long as possible. And also to elude as best he might that bitter fate of so many classics, which is to be appropriated by ruling circles who will use them to intimidate and impress and bore the young.

Classicity had generated new requirements if it was genuinely to be the *living* tradition. Brecht would be classic as a fox, as a splitting molecule. But he also recalled the words of a Chinese sage who remarked that one must write in a durable language during hard times, if the wisdom set down were to survive.

Were he alive Brecht would probably be still fit as he neared the age of 73. He stepped into the republic of shadows fifteen years ago. His plays and poetry have come out in the United States since the 1930s, with much of his chief work already represented during the past two decades in Grove Press editions.

And now the Collected Works. The endorsement of classical status, on the part of the publishing world and its conglomerate owners (here RCA) and the banks, and by the review organs and their reviewers and the booksellers and college teachers and students and the ordinary untitled retail buyer, on whom the banks base their investment calculation. Bertolt Brecht once wrote: "What is the robbing of a bank, compared to the founding of a bank?" On the present occasion the analogous question must be: "What's the glorious reward in publishing a successful writer compared to the rewards of publishing a writer with glorious success?" These plays, poems and prose will require (optimistically) five years and numerous volumes. There's nothing gratuitous about the decisions on which this kind of money rides. I don't mean to be churlish or crass, or sound like the financial page. I just want to make clear that Brecht must be for sure a tomorrow person when they bankroll him like this today. B.B. from the Black Forest who was fascinated with the fast-talking antennae of Manhattan. Among the lines written by the man from the Black Forest: "The old lies are still spread over the new antennae/While the truth is passed from mouth to mouth." I don't think he necessarily had the RCAs in mind, then. But evidently he had understood the Chinese sage.

Another point about the technology too. This book was nearly delayed in the printing because Random House has just begun conversion to computer typesetting, and it was decided that this volume should pioneer the new automated procedure; but the results were spotty and rectification was arduous. Brecht would have enjoyed the modernity. But what about the replacement of the proletarian typesetter with a binary electronic circuit? What would his precise thoughts on revolutionary agency have been in the face of that? We learn much when trucking with the classics; including the unchangeable fact that history just keeps shuffling its coils forward and nothing ever quite shakes itself out of them as it once did. You see, there's this key-punch operator who makes the tapes for feeding into the computer. And she's getting hopping mad at the unequal pay and the lack of control over her working conditions—and the iron bulkhead between the manual and the mental jobs—and there's this thing called Women's Lib. . . .

So really, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* Brecht is a classic, subject to the format that all classics 6 feet under must accept, but a classic for our day, and a classic whom we need. Moreover, if you look at the American political Left in the 1960s, you find that his influence was pervasive. It is true, there weren't any Bert Brecht Personality Posters (except on the stage of the ill-conceived *Brecht on Brecht* show). Yet this was perhaps no accident but a function of the cunning that is Brecht's peculiar classicity. Surely it saved him from the meaningless and even injurious glory that beams from posters of Che, Malcolm and Huey in the pads for pill and shrub fantasies from Bangor to Dallas, that by design saps and sops up the energies for change. No, Brecht's place has not been on the walls but in the emotions and consciousness of the American radical movement of recent years.

To have a collected edition of any foreign author (especially not a Frenchman) from an American publishing house is an event. Especially so soon after his death. The present enterprise is under the editorship of Ralph Manheim, winner of the 1970 National Book Award for Translation, and John Willett, planning editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* and author of a standard work on Brecht. The initiative is truly Anglo-American, and for many plays separate English and American translations will be provided. This first volume contains the plays of Brecht's "Munich period," until he moved to Berlin in 1924.

Moreover, basic biography and even history is provided, and editorial explanation. These commentaries are interesting, succinct and informative. Particularly wise is the decision that while the chronologically latest Brecht text would be published complete, there also are provided earlier and variant versions of the texts, and many of the author's statements and notes. This corresponds to the Brechtian experimental approach and emphasis on process, rather than any "authoritative" result.

It is impossible to make a blanket statement about the quality of the translation. Each play requires some evaluative comment.

Baal opens the book as it opened Brecht's dramatic career. The reader should avoid judging the quality of the volume by this text—which is middling, at best. The grandest things in *Baal,* such as the opening Chorale, are the least aptly brought off here; it is a fiendishly difficult German poetry to render in English. A marvelous and perverse play, but you will still have to consult it in

HANDS

You're dirty.
It's nothing but greed.
I've been patient.
I've let you pick my nose.
I've bandaged your scabs.

You complain of the cold.
That does it!
I've decided on mittens.
We're finished.
I'll soak you in water.

Rochelle Ratner

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its original tongue. The same translators —William E. Smith and Ralph Manheim —have succeeded brilliantly with *Drums in the Night*. This now takes its place as one of the few really splendid Brecht translations. Resourceful, biting, iridescent and devastatingly on the target of the entire world split open by Brecht and anatomized by Grosz, this *Drums in the Night* deserves immediate production everywhere.

In the Jungle of Cities is the same text that The Living Theatre performed in their loft at Sixth Avenue and 14th Street in New York a decade ago. It was a triumphant production, and Gerhard Nellhaus' text was equal to the German original. It still reads like a house afire; oddly enough, it is now being published for the first time.

Edward the Second: The tale of Ned and his gay consort Gaveston is rendered by Smith and Manheim in a most sensible, flexible, muscular and modern meter; reference to the Marlowe source is neither pious nor neglected. The play is not important but to Brecht analysts it is of interest.

Of the youthful one-act plays, *The Wedding* is gutsy, amusing, and very ably translated by Martin and Rose Kastner. The remaining one-acts are minor indeed. Their significance lies only in the way they light up the Brechtian themes and cast of mind. Readers can see something of *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* in *The Beggar*; of *Mahagonny* in *Lux in Tenebris*; and even of *The Rifles of Señora Carrar* in *The Catch*.

The section providing Notes and Variants is generally valuable, but at times one wishes for more. While *Baal* and especially *Drums* are very fully represented in their variants, *Jungle* is not. And this is sad since a number of specialists prefer the earlier texts of *Jungle* for some lush (and more personal) passages later dropped—and here merely mentioned for the most part, rather than quoted. And I have one other complaint. For the American edition of the Notes and Variants, it would have been highly appropriate to add materials from the Brecht Archives which specifically bring out the playwright's fascination with the American scene and literary sources. For instance, there is no hint here of the bearing of Upton Sinclair's *Jungle* on Brecht's *Jungle*, aside from the editors' passing remark. This really isn't enough, when the editors have led us to expect very much of them.

All who carried through this project deserve our gratitude. They sampled the investment climate; finding it clement, and their own bronchial equipment not unduly asthmatic, they acted energetically. *Venceremos.* □

Our Language Trouble

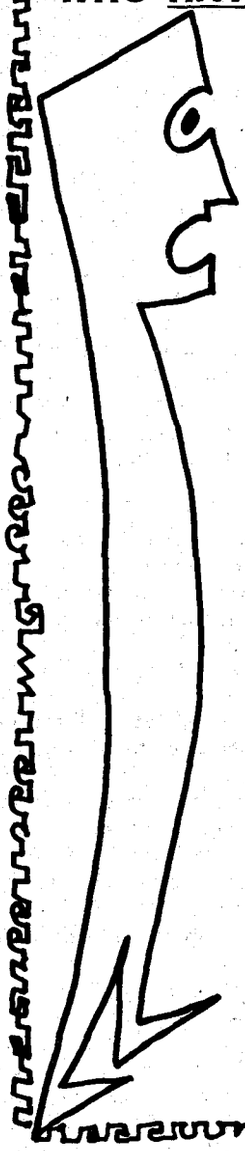
THE PERVERTED PRIORITIES OF AMERICAN POLITICS. *By Duane Lockard. The Macmillan Co. 337 pp. $6.95. Paper $4.95.*

HENRY S. KARIEL

Mr. Kariel is professor of political science at the University of Hawaii and the author, most recently, of Open Systems *(F. E. Peacock) and of the forthcoming* Saving Appearances *(St. Martin's Press).*

After three academic degrees and as many fellowships, after two monographs and three books, after four years in the U.S. Air Force and three in the Connecticut legislature, after countless classes, lectures, symposia, committees, panels, seminars and conferences, after somehow finding himself chairman of Princeton's Department of Politics, after having "been privileged to share the often exciting company of perhaps as many as 1,000 college students"—after a life (or at least a career) permitting all this to emerge on Duane Walter Lockard's *curriculum vitae*, some adjustments seemed to be called for. All is

LET US NOW CELEBRATE THE PEOPLE WHO HAVEN'T DIED IN VIETNAM



THOUSANDS OF AMERICANS (INCLUDING MAYBE YOU OR YOUR HUSBAND OR SON OR BROTHER) AND THOUSANDS OF VIETNAMESE WHOM OUR MILITARY LEADERS HAD ALREADY WRITTEN OFF AS "ACCEPTABLE CASUALTIES" ARE ALIVE TODAY BECAUSE OTHER AMERICANS (MOSTLY YOUNG) ORGANIZED AN OPEN RESISTANCE TO THE WAR WHICH HAS CHANGED PUBLIC OPINION AND FORCED THE GOVERNMENT TO BEGIN "WINDING DOWN" THE ASIAN SLAUGHTER . . . IN **THE RESISTANCE** ($6.95; PAPER $2.95). A NEW BOOK BY MICHAEL FERBER AND STAUGHTON LYND. YOU CAN NOW SHARE THE INSIDE STORY OF HOW (AND WHY) IT HAPPENED . . . YOU'LL SEE WHY THESE SAME NOW-SEASONED RESISTERS ALSO OFFER OUR BEST INSURANCE AGAINST REPRESSION IN THE WAKE OF OUR FIRST "LOST WAR" . . . AND THEN YOU'LL BE READY TO EXAMINE THE PHILOSOPHICAL BASIS OF POSITIVE RESISTANCE TO OFFICIAL RIGIDITY SO PROVOCATIVELY SET FORTH IN HERBERT READ'S VOLUME OF ESSAYS. **ANARCHY AND ORDER** ($7.50; PAPER $2.95) . . . TWO VERY APPROPRIATE CELEBRATIONS OF THE LIVES WHICH WEREN'T LOST IN VIETNAM.

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE OR DIRECTLY FROM

BEACON PRESS
25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS. 02108

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not well. The most reflective of his students, he now writes, "remember me as a staunch defender of the American political system and its overall 'success.'" But Professor Lockard's life as lived—or at least his twenty-year message—is now to be re-examined. There is to be a second act.

Whatever the massive pressures of the educational system, of the nights and days in Princeton, N.J., of the language of John Locke and James Madison, of the rhetoric of political science—whatever the terrible weight of the taught facts of American politics—there is to be a new assessment: "In the last few years, however, my own children and many of my students have forced me to reopen a great many questions that I had hitherto thought were satisfactorily answered." One may wonder about what is promised by someone whose fingers type the word "hitherto." Yet it is hard not to be on Lockard's side. Surely he will neither relax his grip on the language by singing of the greening of America nor use old words to celebrate the dominant political culture.

What he actually does is well summarized by his publisher's billing. The book, we are crisply told, is designed for use as the core volume in the introductory American Government course; it adheres strictly to scholarly convention; and it "follows the widely accepted organizational framework based on the major institutions of government: parties, federalism, Congress, the courts, and the presidency." Given the compulsions of instructors who order texts for their students, it is not likely that this summary is a disservice to the author. Professor Lockard's approach is assuredly marketable. His discontent is well contained, attractively packaged. Further, it is expressed in lucid prose and engaging detail. Both his diagnosis of our troubles and his prescriptions for recovery are cast in generally acceptable forms, resting on unspoken assumptions about the right order of things. He *knows* what is sound, reasonable, humane, orderly, decent—*knows* what politics, rightly understood, must amount to.

Lockard has been affronted by the familiar troubles: racism, militarism, imperialism, poverty. What disconcerts him, moreover, is not merely the existence of these conditions but that their perpetuation has become a matter of governmental policy. Morally outrageous policies are generated by the various institutions which constitute the policy-making apparatus, ranging from the two-party system to the federal bureaucracy. As a matter of course, the lawmaking process produces manifest injustice. That is its nature. If power is unjustly distributed, if our goods are shoddy and our mines unsafe, if law enforcement and medical service are scandals, if J. Edgar Hoover governs, if, as Lockard says, the times are out of joint—this is due to the very *form* of government. The causal agents are not the power of willful elites, not private property, not the complex of nongovernmental structures, not a community-destroying ideology but rather "the rules of the political process." Establishing policy priorities, they have achieved a kind of autonomy, becoming "the determinants of power," constituting the final ground for our public existence—for the way things are.

But how *are* things? How might they be seen? Lockard does not presume to offer a structure for perceiving anew the form of the political process. Nor does he perceive a pattern which might help make sense of the ongoing transformation of the forces of the economy and technology. We get a series of well-articulated snapshots and TV clips of current events—but not a view of their context, of their inner meaning, of the ground against which they come into meaningful relief. Were we to see the past and the future included in the present, perhaps we could identify the momentum of the established systems, their tendency to augment themselves, to remain in acceleration, to move without purpose, intention or definition. Alerted to the meaning of the present moment, we might perceive what is repressed, in repose, absent. There would seem to be no governors; no political beings to humanize the great technological apparatus, no one to disrupt self-replenishing military strategies, economic plans, bureaucratic designs, no one to deflect the thrust of policies which generate printouts of security suspects, program dragnets, and move men efficiently toward their end.

How does Lockard identify the men who are absent, the decisions not made, the potential unfulfilled? He says that his values led him to his perception of the gap between actuality and ideal. But he does not define the meaning of his values. Of course in the end it is not hard to guess that his are the generous sentiments of a man of good will. It is surely his honest conviction that men should be civil, responsible, public-spirited, respectful of one another. We presumably know what he means. It is as if his assertions were punctuated by the flat undergraduate "you knows" by which a conversational consensus is maintained, by which it is insinuated that much more than can possibly be said should be taken for granted. Who does not know what is meant, what *must* be meant, when Lockard urges that our institutions be reformed? But what *goods* the reformed institutions might deliver Lockard does not say. He does not turn the kaleidoscope of possibilities or seek to comprehend the present abundance of love and hate (currently waste products, an embarrassing surplus), the repressed dimensions of America, the unperceived capacity of post-industrial society to provide for adult play. He does not establish possibilities which might yet be made a matter of public record, to be affirmed not only in films or concerts but also in the arena of politics, or in the analytical schemes of political science.

It is of course not likely that the conventional constraints and measured cadences of the literature of political science can bestow legitimacy on a polity large enough to welcome ways of existing—styles of life—which those who drafted the Constitution took care to keep out of public view. American political science is burdened by the knowledge of a constitutional order designed to drive men to mind their own business, to pursue their private interest, to seek not what Jefferson called public happiness but what Philip Slater has recently shown to be the pursuit of loneliness. Like most of the critics of American elite-pluralism, Lockard remains fearful of the masses. For him, working-class authoritarianism, nationalism, xenophobia and militarism are not the result of elite rule but "independently rooted." Thus Lockard remains at dead center, lamenting our inhumanity without identifying the ideals which make us lonely and possessive. He accepts our frozen idealizations of the individual, family, home, city or nation—all still pure in theory and shattered in fact.

Lockard knows that causal analysis —partially an effort to weigh alternative causes of our current situation—can yield only ambiguous results. Yet he has no language that points away from visible institutions to the less visible of our predicaments. Referring to "Vietnam" as a "recurrent fever produced by a deeper malady," he hardly moves us to comprehend the less obvious forces involved. The muddle of metaphors which follows—the talk in the very next sentence of Vietnam as a "morass," a "blunder" and finally a sign of "vanity"—will not help. There is pathos in this verbal confusion, but it is not pathos deliberately displayed, articulated so as to match in concentrated form the incoherence of American life. The words flow in a sprightly manner as if all were still all right, as if dread were not loose, as if we were not yet in need of a new myth, a new metaphor, a new conception of the very nature of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

politics, citizenship, participation and action. Searching for a new consciousness, we are offered a renewal of the old. Such a renewal—"system maintenance" in the jargon of the sixties—may help political scientists to keep their balance as they see their children and confront their students. Backed by the comfort of drugs or the threat of repression, the old myths may even keep America securely fixed in its present posture.

But that studies in system maintenance will achieve no more becomes apparent from Lockard's recommendations. Except for urging once again that independent regulatory agencies be subordinated to Cabinet-level departments, he has no major programmatic suggestions. He notes with good reason that tinkering is as futile as revolutionary action. What then is to be done? "The fact is, like it or not, it will be necessary to work within the existing system, making such modifications as possible with whatever political power can be mustered and whatever means of persuasion can be developed."

This is not, however, Lockard's last word, for he pleads in the end for the rehabilitation of authority to engage in public action. He asks for a perspective that will illuminate more than is immediately present, that will legitimate a larger reality. Yet there is no response. Lockard's book—his very profession, his academic discipline—remains silent. Although he explicitly begs for nothing less than "a change in the paradigms we use to explain and to justify social, economic, and political reality," he offers but the simplest of moral pronouncements: the prevailing system is evil and intolerable.

Risking no new vision, he puts no old one in jeopardy. Worse, he embarrasses and arrests us by reinforcing the old, by neatly arranging the familiar outrageous phenomena in the conceptual framework that has governed us for some 200 years. He can still maintain that "society is inconceivable" without politics, which he defines as struggle for scarce resources (and not as an inherently valuable form of action), that "reality" contains intractable "elements" which theories must accommodate, and that men, or perhaps only American men, are simply not political beings ("men are not activists by nature; their natural state is social motionlessness rather than social action"). But if these things are all true, that is because men with power —including those in the universities— have made them true.

Because the truths we live by are at least partially *made up*, the result of conceptualizing, of making things conceivable, Lockard's volume has its uses. It provides a point of departure. It unintentionally instructs us to look about us in a new way, to create models for seeing not only what we know—the miserable situation which is ours—but also what we might yet know.

Revolutions, Marcia Cavell recently pointed out, must occur first at the level of perception and utterance. She recalled Tom Hayden's remark that our official language is depleted, that "in order to dream, to invoke anger or love, new language becomes necessary." We now know where *not* to look for the new language. Like the score of new texts which has suddenly appeared to deal with "the irony of democracy" (Dye and Zeigler) or with "policies, power, and change" (Dolbeare and Edelman) or with "the end of liberalism" (Lowi), *The Perverted Priorities of American Politics* does not offer words that help us redeem our experience, regain our composure, and enrich our lives. At the same time, the book is informative about the discipline of American political science, revealing how unlikely it is to yield frameworks for managing our discontents even when practiced by men with Lockard's moral sensibilities.

Perhaps it is foolish to want more. The present may be but a time for waiting, for remaining tense, alert and expectant, for recognizing without shame that expectancy is not the least honorable form of action. □

We're All Right, Jack

CIVIL LIBERTIES. *By William Spinrad. Quadrangle Books. 355 pp. $7.95.*

CHARLES LAM MARKMANN
Mr. Markmann, a frequent contributor, is a journalist, critic, novelist and translator. His latest book, The Noblest Cry *(St. Martin's Press), is a history of the American Civil Liberties Union.*

"A sociology of civil liberties" is the goal of Professor Spinrad's book, and so it is hardly surprising that what emerges, with barely an occasional patronizing nod to "values," is essentially a mechanistic and quantified notion of the subject, rendered in the jargon of the trade (and of that growing corps among the clerks whose insensitivity to language mirrors the absence of refinements in their thinking). One of the casualties of this voyage of obfuscation is historical accuracy; its losses are exceeded only by the dead and the walking wounded of English grammar and usage.

Professor Spinrad's masters in political philosophy include such figures as Seymour Martin Lipset, John Roche and Sidney Hook. This may help to explain various aspects of his view of what civil liberties are, how they are to be preserved, and who are to enjoy them—despite Spinrad's obeisances to the "indivisibility of freedom." This, indeed, is a concept on which he insists even while he is stating, as he so often is, that what matters is how many people are affected by a "nuisance" (as contrasted to a "pervasive") infringement of civil liberties. He is quite capable of proclaiming his allegiance to civil liberties even as he writes: "Of course, the question of rights of Communists involves many considerations and is not necessarily, by itself, a clear-cut index of libertarian or non-libertarian attitudes."

The question, however, is implicit even in his own narrow definition: to him civil liberties amount to little or nothing beyond freedom of expression and association. He attacks the advocates of what he calls the elitist theory of civil liberties, as he defends the notion that those freedoms are dependent on a popular pluralism with a mass basis—in the face of the statistics that he himself cites to show

"A marvelous job of making this long, dismal story understandable and interesting . . . presented with admirable balance."
— EDWIN O. REISCHAUER

ROOTS OF INVOLVEMENT
The U.S. in Asia, 1784-1971
by MARVIN KALB and ELIE ABEL
At all bookstores, $8.95
Norton
55 Fifth Ave./N.Y. 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shockingly monolithic majorities of Americans in opposition to the most fundamental rights. Then he goes on to state that "those who pursue or proclaim the need for free expression maintain that right only in the presence of some power, their own or others[']s, capable of defending or asserting that right." No one, in other words, takes a risk in behalf of a principle.

Essentially, the historical survey of American civil liberties out of which he proposes to derive his "sociology" deals with the past fifty years, which represent probably the most important period thus far in the history of the subject. The segment to which, quite rightly, he gives the greatest attention is that of McCarthyism. But his history is full of flawed assumptions: "During periods of comparative stability, especially after an era of intense turmoil, including war," he says, "threats to freedom of expression and association, though present, are not encompassing and do not affect much of the population." What members, as well as what numbers, of the population must be of no importance to the author.

In order to shore up his theory, he is compelled to dismiss the repressions of the 1920s as "nuisance" affairs that did not affect great numbers of people and were therefore negligible qualitatively as well. He would have us believe, moreover, that religious heresies and "immorality" were the major targets then and that there was little or no persecution of political ideas and their adherents. But then Spinrad finds McCarthyism equally nonpolitical, to use his own word: it was, he insists, directed against persons rather than against their ideas.

Thus we are driven to cry for definitions, none of which is forthcoming from the author. Opposition to labor unions in the 1920s (or later), apparently, was nonpolitical by his standards, though he does concede that questions of ideas were involved. In the age of McCarthyism, however, they were irrelevant, Spinrad insists. But, if one is hunted down for being a Communist or "soft on Communism," have political ideas nothing to do with the case? Yet one should not be surprised at such a position when it is taken by an author who can find nothing political in "the new radicalism of the 1960's" and who, writing at the end of 1969 and the beginning of 1970, can state that there has been no call from on high for the suppression of dissent, that the troglodytic world view of a Ronald Reagan is unique, that expressing the hope of a Vietcong victory could be an illegitimate form of opposition, and that the right to live as a hippie or to wear long hair "may be" a civil liberties matter.

He argues that so many of what he calls the power-wielders and the influencers—public officials and public figures—are now dedicated to the preservation of freedom that there can be no real threat of suppression: "Only a genuine 'revolutionary' type of situation would prompt severe suppression." And, be it noted, with this sociologist's blessing.

The sociology on which he bases his conclusions is constructed from analyses of the "series of choices and appropriate behavior of particular people, as affected by a set of *values*, specially involved *rôles*, kinds of institutional *structures* and *processes*, and concrete *situational* factors." (The italics are Spinrad's.) The particular people, whom he calls the actors, are the decision-makers, the influencers, and the affected, the definitions of which (or whom) are obvious enough. Conflicting values are complicated by their "*saliency* to different people" and by their relative clarity or ambiguity. A good many words are wasted on explanations of the truism that one's standards and stakes will affect one's performance of one's *role*. "Structures and processes" mean only those established by government and other institutions, including private as well as public bureaucracies; and "situations" are self-explanatory—"national security," clashes of ideology, surges of group and individual anxiety. Unlike many sociologists, every now and then Spinrad does indicate some awareness of such totally unpredictable and unmeasurable elements as individual emotion and the possibility of disinterested intervention.

He goes so far, in fact, as to criticize the large numbers of "social scientists" who exaggerated the phenomenon of Joseph McCarthy—he was, after all, only another racketeering demagogue—and who totally overlooked the phenomenon of McCarthyism. But still the author has enough *esprit de corps* to insist that nevertheless his colleagues were the clearest-sighted of all those who directed their attention to the man or the ism. Where too many of them erred, he says, was in their belief that McCarthyism was a consequence of the irruption of mass man into his betters' business. This, coupled with their fear of political clashes, according to the author, impelled them to recommend that our liberties be returned to the custody of the elite. What is soundest in the book's discussions of McCarthyism is not its minimizations of the "not very severe" suppressions but its emphasis on the contributions of bureaucracy to tyranny and its "seductive setting" as "the ultimate 'welfare state,' " in direct contradiction of the rational actions expected of it in all classical formulations.

What this book completely lacks is any humanistic attitude toward a problem that is in essence one of persons and their rights and freedoms. Societies, after all, ought to exist for the people who constitute (Spinrad would say "who comprise") them, and no person is a mere statistic, any more than his freedom is an abstraction. Not once does the author contemplate the moral or the human consequences of the destruction or impairment of liberty, except occasionally to dismiss the latter in a phrase such as "loss of employment" or "fear of suppression." There is no effort to convey or even to recognize the intellectual and affective factors that induce one to join "a group avidly [*sic*] committed to civil liberties as a prime objective, as best exemplified by the American Civil Liberties Union." The ACLU's basic motivations, its whole reason for being, are virtually ignored, except for a note on the 22 per cent rise in its membership in 1967. The fact that the membership doubled in one year of McCarthyism is not even mentioned.

Spinrad's final pages seem to have been written out of a high on Roche that bears no relation to the facts of life. Whatever is, after all, is good, and even the unavailability of means of communication can't keep a good thought down: "Dissidents will always find some significant communication device unless, to repeat our theme again, they are prevented from doing so by external sanctions. If their messages appeal to others, they will acquire a meaningful audience."

Calvin Coolidge used to say that, "When large numbers of men are out of work, unemployment results." He must have been a sociologist *manqué*. □

Two Parables

A Parable to Stimulate Confidence in the Economy and, Indeed, in the Future of Civilization

Once upon a time there was a poor widow woman named Ausable Chasuble who lived with her two sons Maysh & Paysh in a quiet, snake-infested village in southern North Dakota.

Gradually they ran through a vast store of food Mr. Chasuble had bequeathed them just before his own decease, to forestall theirs. Great sides of beef, huge vats of peanut butter, etc., disappeared. Though Ausable herself was thrifty and provident, & the children were poor eaters, the time arrived when, after serving a meager breakfast, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OCCULTING LIGHT

Concealed from view
or
flashing

deep and hidden
my own powers are my fear

begin
(my voice in the dream)
Mary Oppen

poor mother could count only sixty Wheaties in the one container of any sort that remained in her larder.

"Maysh," she said—"and Paysh too" (for she was always careful not to hurt Paysh's feelings, since secretly she loved Maysh better as he was always trying to get on her good side by flattering her bad side)—"M & P, the time has come for us to go out into the world. We now have only sixty Wheaties left between us and starvation."

Maysh hadn't known this. He now said he was still hungry and could he have the sixty Wheaties.

Paysh, who was really quite nice though very quarrelsome, said *he* wanted them. Actually, I think he was right. As you can see, I like him better. I don't know why—he just appeals to me more, and certainly the Wheaties would have given him the quick energy a boy like him needs.

Mrs. Chasuble solved the problem by gulping them down herself. That put an end to the argument and gave the boys a good laugh, for swallowing all those dry Wheaties down so quickly made her cough and choke.

Then the three of them set out together with a right good will to make their fortune. They got along all right and you will too if, whenever you have troubles, you remember the three wonderful Chasubles and the brave, merry way they faced life.

Ghost Story

It was a preposterous gathering, somewhere or other. The least prepossessing member of the group sat on a wet log, trying to think what to say. He was slight, grayed, and unimportant. His thoughts had the musty smell of slum hallways and lost babies. The idioms of inarticulateness, racy but dead-ended, writhing but dying, waited in his tongue, but the occasion afforded them no audience. Let me tell you about some of the others who were there.

One was a fountain of blood, a bespectacled hurricane, a blazing fuse. He bled, he wept, with such fury that one hardly noticed the purity of his pity, which was all for his own bitter failure, first as child, then as man. A great success, the greatest.

Another cracked his sentences into bits as he spoke. One could hear them snapping like twigs. His mind moved outward, not so rapidly that syntax could not follow, but in a series of intersecting ripples, with effortless laboriousness. An army with indecipherable banners, even the colors not quite defined, slouched behind him. A hero, *the* hero.

Another, a woman, screamed herself into a pure, obscene curve of death, naked and beautiful, and disappeared.

Another, man or ape, swung among the branches, and then from one invisible branch coming out of the sky, laughing with sheer bliss, and then again reviling all in sight. Beloved by all.

They were poets, poets, poets every one. Even the slight, grayed, disappearing one in whose ears the lost ghost-thoughts of a world unspoken whispered inarticulate or forgotten messages of all that dies unexpressed forever and ever. □

M. L. Rosenthal

Life in the Second City

BOSS: Richard J. Daley of Chicago. *By Mike Royko. E. P. Dutton & Co. 215 pp. $5.95.*

SAUL D. ALINSKY
Mr. Alinsky is executive director of the Industrial Areas Foundation and the author of John L. Lewis: An Unauthorized Biography *(1949).*

Daley of Chicago has become a national byword for political ruthlessness, a reputation that is in keeping with Chicago's traditions. He is the last of the dinosaurs, a throwback to the times of Kansas City's Pendergast, Jersey City's Hague, Boston's Curly and Chicago's Kelly-Nash Machine. Naturally, he is adored by racists and far rightists as the outstanding enforcer of law and order; at the 1968 Democratic Convention he was nominated for the Vice Presidency by Birmingham's late Bull Connor. Joining the chorus of admiration is Chicago's establishment, whose members live in the suburbs but rule the city—those who, as Royko puts it, "are not just in *Who's Who in America* but . . . in What's What in Chicago." And Chicago's politics is strictly a family affair. Royko, using the Bible as his model, faithfully records our town's political genealogy, revealing an incestuous political hierarchy which could hold its own with any monarchical line.

Chicago itself is, and always has been, a caricature of America. When other towns had gangsters, we had Al Capone; when other towns had red-light districts, we had the Levee, which made Sodom and Gomorrah look like a sideshow; other places may have had right-wing newspapers, but we had and unfortunately still have the *Chicago Tribune*. As for the familiar scandal of the bribed athlete, we had *a whole team throw a World Series,* and the list goes on endlessly. City in the Land of Lincoln, with its Haymarket Riot, Memorial Day Massacre—where even Saint Valentine's Day is synonymous with a massacre—it was the appropriate setting for the 1968 Michigan Avenue mauling of American boys and girls demonstrating for a radical reform of our politics. And yet it is a cauldron that has cooked up many of America's greatest writers, poets, architects, radicals, politicians, reformers, renegades.

And here is Chicago's *Last Hurrah,* providing names, places, dates, facts, and a sweeping view of what makes up the city. Couple this book with Wendt and Kogan's *Lords of the Levee,* and you begin to get an understanding of Chicago and why certain kinds of people have come out of this city.

Many a Chicagoan's daily conversation starts with, "Jesus, did you see Mike's column today? Christ! I'll bet they're ready to kill him!" "They" will range from His Honor through bankers and utilities and department store executives to our Police Department, better known as the "Burglars in Blue." Here is a Royko note on this last organization:

> . . . A professional thief had been arrested and, to save his own neck, had told the public defender about the unique membership of his burglary gang: the other members were Chicago cops.
>
> . . . They had been carrying the loot away in squad cars while on duty, and they had been at it for two years or more. At least eight policemen had been involved, including the son of a captain and several veterans on the force. . . . The policemen were called "the Burglars in Blue," and . . . the prize witness, a young thief named Richard Morrison, was labeled "the Babbling Burglar" because of his willingness to talk about everybody and everything. . . .
>
> . . . The public was genuinely shocked. It's one thing to take a few bucks to overlook an illegal u-turn; but even Chicagoans could become in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dignant at the thought of policemen jimmying the locks of appliance stores and loading up their trunks, on city time yet.

Royko mentions the moronic level of Chicago's Police Intelligence Unit. This reviewer can add another item. Chicago Police Intelligence records show that $150,000 received by this reviewer to organize the city's Woodlawn black ghetto came from Moscow. It can now be told that it came from the late Albert Cardinal Meyer, Archbishop of Chicago. Chicago Police Intelligence will now assume a link between Moscow and Chicago's Catholic Chancery. If you think this absurd then you don't know Chicago's Police Intelligence Unit.

Royko's *Boss* is the definitive study of Richard J. Daley from his beginnings in the swaddling clothes of an Irish Catholic matriarchal family all the way up, over and around the bodies on the political ladder to the peak of Chicago's power. To say that this is a definitive work means that Royko has written a solid political history of Chicago's past two generations. It is within this context that the emergence of a Daley can be understood. Anything else would only have amounted to public relations or personalized polemic. Royko's spotlight moves mercilessly around the city from the police to the race issue, from garbage collections to pay-off collections, from aldermen and their private operations to reformers, parasites, precinct captains and priests; under the Daley system it is not always easy to distinguish among these phenomena. Royko covers the building trades unions and the Democratic Party, the stinking segregated public school system and the segregated city itself, crawling with sanctimonious hypocrisy. But always his attention is centered on the two main weapons of political control in Chicago—patronage and persecution.

Boss is not only a political history but a primer in politics. One of the many lessons our young activists must learn is that, in order to be useful, a critical attack must include a conservative alternative. Here Royko spells it out:

> So when the people come in, he knows what they want and whether it is possible. Not that it means they will get it. That often depends on how they act. . . . If they are respectful, he will express sympathy, ask encouraging questions, and finally tell them that everything possible will be done. And after they leave, he may say, "Take care of it." With that command, the royal seal, anything is possible, anybody's toes can be stepped on.
>
> But if they are pushy, antagonistic, demanding instead of imploring . . . then he'll blow, and it comes in a frantic roar:
>
> "I want *you* to tell *me* what to do. *You* come up with the answers. *You* come up with the program. . . . It's easy to criticize. It's easy to find fault. But *you* tell me what to do. This problem is all over the city. We didn't create these problems. We don't want them. But we are doing what we can. *You* tell me how to solve them. *You* give me a program" All of which leaves the petitioners dumb, since most people don't walk around with urban programs in their pockets. It can also leave them right back where they started.

We follow Daley from his graduation from school and the beginnings of his personal Socialist economy (his every job has been on one government payroll or another) through his first political club—to which he still belongs: the Hamburg Social and Athletic Club, reputed to have been the white shock troops in Chicago's notorious race riots of 1919. Daley later described the institution as a cross between "the Boy Scouts and the YMCA." Through these times Daley was as oblivious to racial justice as he is today. On this issue he has never changed. He could not learn and grow because unlike former Mayor Kelly and other political leaders he has consistently surrounded himself with mediocrities who insulate him from the outside world. One such is his press agent, Earl Bush, a former carnival barker, who persistently sees City Hall as the biggest show in town. Such associates help explain Daley's political rhetoric, exemplified by his "shoot to kill" order in a period of racial disturbance, and the famous slip, "The Chicago Police are not here to create disorder, but to preserve it."

In the matter of war and peace, Royko presents conclusive evidence of the opposition to the military on the part of Daley and his sons:

> At the time when his hawkish views were most pronounced, none of Daley's four draft-age, able-bodied, athletic, and healthy sons served on active military duty. All had avoided Vietnam through the socially acceptable evasion of the draft—joining a reserve unit. One of them, in fact, was accepted by a local reserve unit when there was a waiting list of several thousand applicants, although he had not been on the waiting list.

Royko's facts are prodigious. To this reviewer, a native Chicagoan who assumed that he knew just about everything that went on, particularly with City Hall, page after page of *Boss* carried a fact that came as a shocker. Royko points up certain things for which His Honor has never received the national recognition he deserves. For example, Mayor Daley has been one of the few who have really tackled the problem of unemployment with a complete understanding of what government can do about jobs. In his neighborhood of Bridgeport, a community of 40,000 people, most of them poorly educated and untrained, he has seen to it that 2,000 are employed in "City Hall, the County Building, the courts, ward offices, police and fire stations." Assuming that more than half of the 40,000 are children, he has more than 10 per cent of the local population on his payroll. Now that's what I would call looking out for your own people. Of course the fact that all these are Irish, Lithuanian, Italian, Polish and German is incidental, and only a troublemaker or someone intent on stirring up racial hate would notice that they are all white. This is Daley's massive public works poverty program. He truly cares.

Once in a long while a book appears that leaves the reviewer fighting against the compulsion of quoting from it at length rather than watering it down by paraphrasing, summarizing and analyzing. Such a book is Royko's *Boss*. It is my nominee for the Pulitzer Prize in 1971. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Milos Forman, the Czechoslovak director, has come over here to see how it is with our kids and their parents. Actually, it is with the parents that *Taking Off* is principally concerned. The children fondle their guitars, aspire to microphonic fame and riches, elope to the East Village, and regard the world with conspicuously candid eyes. Linnea Heacock, who plays Jeannie Tyne, the juvenile lead, is called upon to do almost nothing but express candor. These young are the "given" element of Forman's equation, around which he works out the values of the elders.

The judgments he arrives at are more benign than those of, say, *Husbands*, but perhaps no more reassuring. The American middle-aged middle class, according to the script by, among others, Mr. Forman and Jean-Claude Carriere (*Belle de Jour, The Milky Way*), is innocent and squirrel-brained to the point of irresponsibility. It is no joke, presumably, when a daughter of the middle class disappears into the hippie warrens of the East Village, but when Jeannie Tyne does so, her father (Buck Henry) and a friend become falling-down drunk while search-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing for her in the likely bar and grills, and their wives, waiting at home in lachrymose anxiety, take to discussing the sexual power and maneuvers of their husbands.

A little later, Mr. and Mrs. Tyne (she is Lynn Carlin), having driven upstate on a false trail, stop on the way home in a hotel nightclub, where she becomes amorously drunk and attracts the dubious attention of two local sports. The Tynes, with another couple whose daughter is on the lam, attend a banquet sponsored by the Society for Parents of Fugitive Children, where they smoke marijuana under the direction of a psychiatrist and his young technical assistant—"to share the experiences of the young"—and then repair to the Tyneses' house for drinks and strip poker. Jeannie chooses that evening to come home, arriving to find both her parents stark naked and her father on the living-room table singing a ditty. She regards this scene with an expression of surpassing candor.

Having regained their clothes, Jeannie's parents urge her to invite her lover to the house for dinner. He is predictably bearded, darts his eyes alarmingly and, on being prodded, reveals that in the previous year he made $190,000—"before taxes"—playing various instruments and singing works of his own composition. Mr. Tyne, who has given up tobacco with the help of hypnotism, lights a cigarette.

I go this much into the proceedings to demonstrate that Forman is engaged in constructing not so much a story as a framework for gags. It is good-natured slapstick, but the overall conclusion seems to be that the generation gap has occurred in large part because the older folk have lost their marbles. I would complain of this as an oversimplification, but I have seen Forman's *The Fireman's Ball* and *Loves of a Blonde* and doubt that he intends any such broad conclusion.

The fact is that Forman finds endearing the ebullience of the uncomely, untalented, ill-coordinated and no longer young. The spectacle of a fat and foolish matron dancing solo to her singing of *Camptown Races* is less characteristic of American mores than of Forman's preoccupations. The formal festivities of the Society for Parents banquet parallel in ghoulish background the firemen's celebration in honor of their dying chief. Forman is very fond of gay and hapless people, U.S. or Czechoslovak, but I came to the conclusion some time ago that his tolerant pity marred his films. When a man holds a camera on the inept, his indulgence of foibles becomes patronizing.

To a considerable degree, then, Forman brought with him what he found here. But, though his bias for seeing people as innocent bunglers has the disconcerting effect of treating pain as farce, he does perhaps do us the service of reducing the pressure of our present conflicts. The generation gap begins to look like what it has always been—a matter of age—and the world will not come to an end because the young prefer their own tribal customs. Forman says this well; he has a discerning eye and an excellent way of coaching actors to show with their bodies, as well as with their words and faces, that they take stock of one another. If only he didn't so persist in treating everything as a huge joke, he would be a first-class director. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

I shouldn't enjoy the new musical, *Follies*, but I do (Winter Garden). Like most of the musicals since, let us say, the 1940s, this one lacks "heart." The old ones, though they too were commercially oriented, appeared to mean what they said. They were usually sugary and silly, but they seemed candid. Their foolishness lent them innocence and thus made children of us. The musicals now are mechanisms, designed like ads to seduce us into purchase.

Still there is no denying the splendid skill of such a spectacle as *Follies*. Some people speak of "movie movies": this is a "show show." Its incontestable talents are admirably packaged. The assembling of the ingredients amounts to a science. As such it is a triumph.

Follies combines the "best features" of the old and the new. It has a touch of humorous nostalgia. Former stage, picture, television and radio "names," appearing in energized parodies and near replicas of old musical song-and-dance routines, contribute to the remembrance of things past. Jonathan Tunick's orchestrations are adept enough to add the zip of modernity to the convention of the tunes. Similarly, the excellent costumes by Florence Klotz, and Stephen Sondheim's lyrics are more tautly clever than those of the past. The whole show is synthetic but it is accomplished with such dispatch that one cannot fail to applaud its bravura.

According to James Goldman's "book," we are on the stage of an old theatre—the Palace, perhaps, or the Winter Garden itself—now in the process of demolition. The owner has invited the stars that once shone here—most of them now 50 or older—to a farewell party. They remember their early romances, their struggles, their successes. As they recall their hits, we see them shadowed by the mirage of their former selves.

The two main couples who met, wooed and wedded in those days are no longer connected with the stage. They are now rich—and unhappy. They seem to have been mismatched. Divorces appear imminent but all are reconciled before the party is over. Notes of bitterness, dis-

BOOK COLLECTORS
Our globe girdling agents add gems to your collection.
All fields A to Izzard.
BOOK LANDING
1615 Montana Avenue
Santa Monica, Ca. 90403

THE NATION'S BEST PUZZLES
Book 3—$2.00
All 3 books—$4.00
Frank W. Lewis
c/o 15 Lakeside Drive
Greenbelt, Md. 20770

'THE PRESS AND THE BAY OF PIGS'
A detailed study by
Victor Bernstein and Jesse Gordon
The role played by **The Nation** in breaking the Bay of Pigs story to the American public, reprinted from the **Columbia University Forum.**
Single copies—15c; 25 copies at 10c each
Orders over 25 at 7c per copy
THE NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10014

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 4-19-71
333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014
☐ One Year, $12.50
☐ Two Years, $23.00
☐ 6 Months, $7.50
Payment Enclosed
(Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign)
Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State .....Zip No.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC

RECORDER, VIOL DA GAMBA MUSIC. Write for free current listings. **Provincetown Bookshop, 246 Commercial St., Provincetown, Mass. 02657.**

FREE 64 PAGE CATALOG offers hundreds of recordings of rare **Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music.** Introductory records as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings. In Stereo only. **MHS Records, Box 932-NA, New York City 10023.**

SERVICES

EXTRA INCOME—MAKE $1.00 PER SALE selling engraved metal Social Security plates. FREE SALES KIT. **Engravaplates, Box 10460-5707, Jacksonville, Fla. 32207.**

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

LAKETON VANS. The complete-service movers. Licensed, Insured, Trustworthy. Get the best for less. **Call (212) 672-5092.**

REAL ESTATE

THIRTY-SEVEN LOTS left in liberal development near large Arkansas Lake, Parks. Pre-development prices, generous terms. **TUMBLING SHOALS ESTATES, P.O. Box 268, Naperville, Illinois 60540.**

MAINE; Shorefront and lakefront property; farms, islands, and business opportunities. **Gilbert C. Laite Associates, Inc., Realtor, P.O. Box 572, Camden, Me. 04843.**

SUMMER JOB WANTED

CAPABLE 16-year-old girl available as live-in companion for handicapped child. **Box 660, c/o The Nation.**

PERSONALS

ARTIST, Art history background, world like to travel to Europe, as companion, or other work. **Box 659, c/o The Nation.**

WILL BUY PARTICIPATION in Broadway or off-Broadway plays Those running, past shows, etc. Give full details. **Box 657, c/o The Nation.**

"HAROLD HUGHES IN '72". Bumperstickers and buttons 4/$1; newsletter available. **STUDENTS FOR HUGHES, Box 668, Los Angeles, California 90053.**

ABOLISH ALL ABORTION LAWS including New York's. The right of each adult human to own his or her own body is the paramount moral law, without exception.—**AAAL, POB 36122, Los Angeles, 90036.**

WRY IDEAS — Exuberant new catalog 25c (deductible from first order). **Wry idea Co., Box 178-T, Rye, N. Y. 10580.**

NOW is the time for war tax resistance. The most powerful acts against war have been those of the young men of the Resistance who have said **NO** to the draft. Now it is time for those of us who have been paying for the war in Indochina to say **NO** to taxes for war. **Join us! War Tax Resistance, 339 Lafayette St., N.Y., N.Y. 10012. Write and ask for information. Phone: (212) 477-2970.**

POSTERS (over 300, many anti-war), **BUTTONS** (over 175), **PATCHES, BUMPERSTICKERS** & other peace items. Wholesale & retail. Catalogue with pictures 25¢ (refund 1st order). **A BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission St., San Francisco 94103.**

solution and regret are sounded in their meeting in the night but dawn brings sweet resignation and promise of hope. This—the failure of marriage—is another of the story's "modern" touches. We are no longer supposed to believe in the possibility of marital harmony or wise maturity.

There's one brief episode in which a youth who serves drinks at the party is picked up by one of the ladies. Nothing happens but the young fellow's casual acceptance of the situation—almost equally indifferent as to whether the encounter does or does not develop into sexual intimacy—has a certain truthfulness about it.

Though negligible, the "book" does supply a link for the numbers and they, I repeat, are thoroughly effective. As directors, Harold Prince and Michael Bennett, have helped make them so. They have chosen the right cast, and with Sondheim's astuteness in writing apt lyrics for each of the principals, they all show to their best advantage.

Alexis Smith, who has never before appeared in a New York production, is handsome, intelligent, direct, dignified and has long legs withal. She sings and dances most agreeably. Dorothy Collins has quiet passages of real acting. Mary McCarty is robust and funny; Ethel Shutta, a luminary of the twenties, is very funny in a song in which she tells how in her heyday she was eager to give body and soul to play *any* part in a *"Broadway Show."* (The term had real glamour then.) Gene Nelson is exciting in a dance routine in which he expresses his discontent. The show girls are, one way or another, swell lookers. My one complaint—but it is a compliment to the old-timers; Yvonne De Carlo and the others—is that the young people chosen to represent their senior counterparts are not nearly as attractive or as interesting as the originals.

Added to all this, Boris Aronson once again demonstrates the multiplicity of forms his imagination can assume. His decayed and gutted "backstage," in which a constructivist design is not only evocative but theatrically furnished—a machine for movement—together with the airy frivolity which gays up the "Folly" numbers at the end, create a masterpiece in decor. Tharon Musser's lighting is a notable contribution to the acting company as well as to the designer.

In case you don't know about it (it is not advertised) a Black Theatre has been operating at the new Lafayette on Seventh Avenue near 147th Street since October 1967. The theatre's playbill states, "Our job has always been to show black people who they are—where they are—and what condition they are in." The theatre's latest production, Ed Bullins' *The Fabulous Miss Marie,* gives body to the announced intention. Bullins is neither an apologist nor a propagandist. He writes what he knows and has seen. His work as a whole—I've reviewed four of his plays—is uneven in craftsmanship but there is always power in it, power and "juice."

The Fabulous Miss Marie is a long presentational depiction of a group of blacks who frequent the almost nightly parties of a large lady whose appetite for living is abundant. She (Miss Marie) hails from Buffalo and Pittsburgh but has settled in Los Angeles, where her niece, Wanda, has come in the hope that it would prove a kinder environment than she had known in more easterly cities. But except for the climate and the illusion of ease that Los Angeles provides —particularly in Miss Marie's quarters— her new home is just as hard on her as the more plainly brutal places she has left.

Marie boasts of her affluence. Her husband works at a parking lot and earns $200 a week—as good money, she says, "as any colored doctor" makes. Besides Wanda, Marie houses two other boarders, one of them a no-account scamp whom she uses as a "house boy" and also as a lover. Life in Miss Marie's pad is loose, rough and jolly. It is also cruelly sad, but one would not think so in the first flush of inebriate fun. The surface is gay and "colorful"; the truth is desperately black.

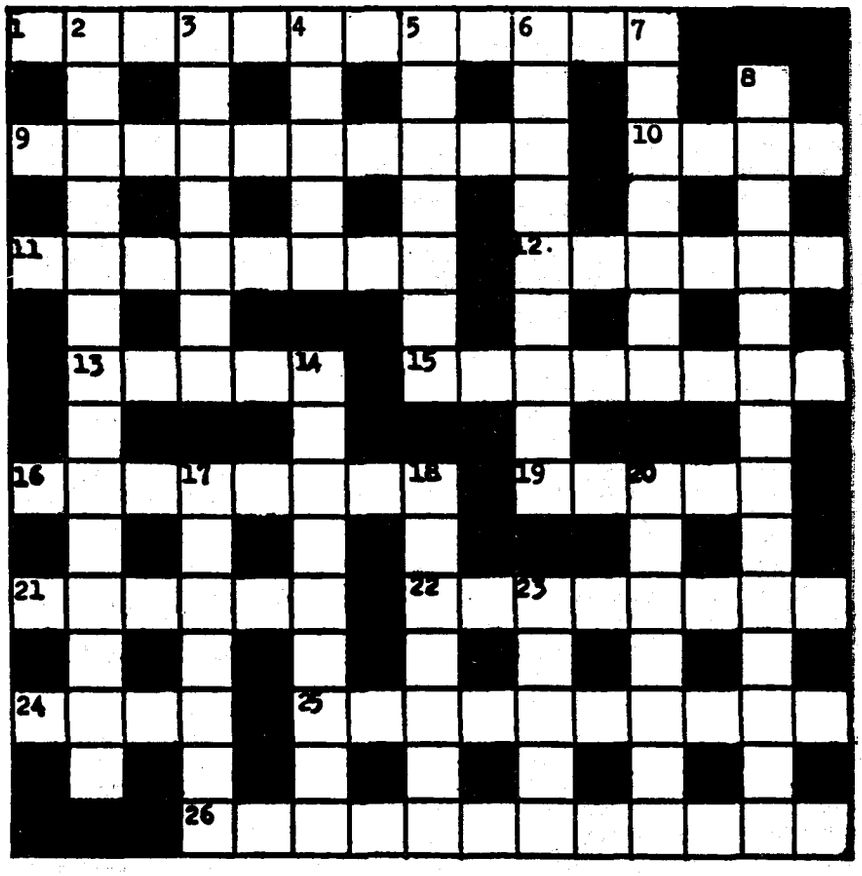
The mode I referred to as "presentational" has each of the play's (somewhat too humorous) characters come down to the front of the stage and describe his or her history and nature, "dancing" all the while to the music that accompanies the action throughout. These self-portraits are followed by short scenes which constitute the evening's essential drama. A schoolteacher who is always drunk complains that his wife is "frigid" (she isn't) and won't bear a child. A pedantic "nonviolent" Muslim arouses laughter or anger on stage and in the audience: he preaches morality and a return to Africa. More important than any of these is Marie's weak-willed husband who makes love to the pathetically lonely Wanda. The actors are generally good, but I can't name them, for they are not listed in relation to the characters they play.

If any generalization is to be made, I suggest that the danger which threatens the black theatre is self-imitation, a repetitiousness in matter and manner. The black theatre possesses impressive vitality and much promise for the future: the diversity of class, degree of education, faith, purpose and ambition in the black community is vast and offers an extensive field for exploration. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1390

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Amazes one by the fat hunk of ice, like on a back road. (12)
9 Quite a fuss made, with the outside covering to a sailor ending up with the old game? (10)
10 Make a complaint about the meat course? (4)
11 Union has to start then, or thereafter. (3,5)
12 Stared out of the top of the stairs, perhaps. (6)
13 The things one has to have! (5)
15 One wouldn't expect to live high here. (8)
16 Happens to be nothing to what might go with the gin, but it's characterized by equal tones. (8)
19 Steal by getting back to the golem. (5)
21 A word to frighten the little louse inside? Rather fishy! (6)
22 LIAT, as part of eleven. (8)
24 Once over lightly if you do. (4)
25 The sort of 16 that has a 150 added, with one missing? Shattering, when it comes to images! (10)
26 Not really the First Lady of Affairs—though those associated with her might have class. (4,8)

DOWN

2 Much amused with the old form of punishment? Such people are ridiculous! (8,6)
3 To a degree, what one might tilt with, but no tilting in it! (7)
4 Something that might be burning in a couple of months. (5)
5 A fine time enjoyed by a questing type. (7)
6 A measure of spirit with one who should have pull where they dropped the lead. (4,5)
7 One might have a king as a topic of discussion. (7)
8 Those who keep a well-stocked beer cellar have to, if you are to be specific. (3,4,2,5)
14 Are, by the sound of it, left out of carnations and wormwood. (9)
17 One can only get it by winning ways. (7)
18 How to make fine bait out of a caterpillar? (7)
20 Brook reputedly could be the one who tells. (7)
23 The driving type are not those one might have in the fire. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1389

ACROSS: 1 and 31 Roll with the punch; 10 Dampens; 11 Animals; 12 U bolt; 13 Expressed; 14 Terse; 16 Sad to say; 19 Farm team; 22 Theme; 24 Tarpaulin; 26 Fewer; 28 Bundles; 29 Integer; 30 Events. DOWN: 1 Redoubts; 2 and 5 Limbo dancer; 3 Wheat germ; 4 Testers; 6 Amine; 7 Classmate; 8 Reside; 9 Rapped; 15 Rearrange; 17 Out of step; 18 Petrarch; 20 Enlist; 21 Mannish; 23 Stable; 25 Ablet; 27 Wagon.

EDUCATIONAL

EXTERNAL DEGREE PROGRAM for well informed, highly motivated adults wishing to complete undergraduate education. Two-week resident periods on Goddard campus alternate with six-month independent study projects carried on at home under faculty supervision. Program leads to Goddard Bachelor of Arts degree. **Write Box E, Adult Degree Prorgam, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.**

TRAVEL

College, High School, Students
consider
EUROPEAN EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL
Excellent educational experience, Academic Credit. Inexpensive. Write for brochure:
EDUCATION
56 S. Howell **Farmingville, N.Y. 11738**

PUBLICATIONS

NATIONAL TOWN HALL
"The People's Lobby"

Peace—Priorities—Inflation—Civil Liberties! When was the last time you wrote your representatives on these and other vital issues? **NATIONAL TOWN HALL** provides you with a questionnaire on important issues and legislation 8 times a year. These in turn are sent to the proper officials. If, like many of us, you never get around to writing that letter; or, if you have never been asked your opinion by a pollster, then this is for you. Politicians rarely hear from the people—just the powerful interest groups. **Start now to make your voice heard!** Check your selection(s). —— Letters to U.S. Senator, —— Congressman, —— President. **$7. each for a year's subscription. "All it takes for evil to succeed, is for good men to do nothing." Edmund Burke.**

Send check or money order to:
NATIONAL TOWN HALL
P.O. Box 174 **East Moline, Illinois 61244**

WORLD DEMOCRACY by Bin Dir Woor. Self-Designated Symbolical World President. Unique, Entrancing. **$2. Greenwich Book Publishers, 282 7th Ave., New York City. Bin Dir Woor** calls on **TOTAL HUMANITY** to inwardly renounce Atheism, and to work and pray, before and after death, for World Democracy. **Reader, start now.**

NEWLY published by Big Sur native, A SHORT HISTORY OF BIG SUR. Send $2.00 to **P. O. Box 122, Monterey, Calif.**

WHAT'S WITH REVENUE SHARING?
See what's involved yourself. Order
REVENUE SHARING—STRETCH OR SHRINK
for pros and cons of Nixon proposal and an analysis of alternatives.
(Publication #424B). 25¢ prepaid.
LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS
1730 M Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

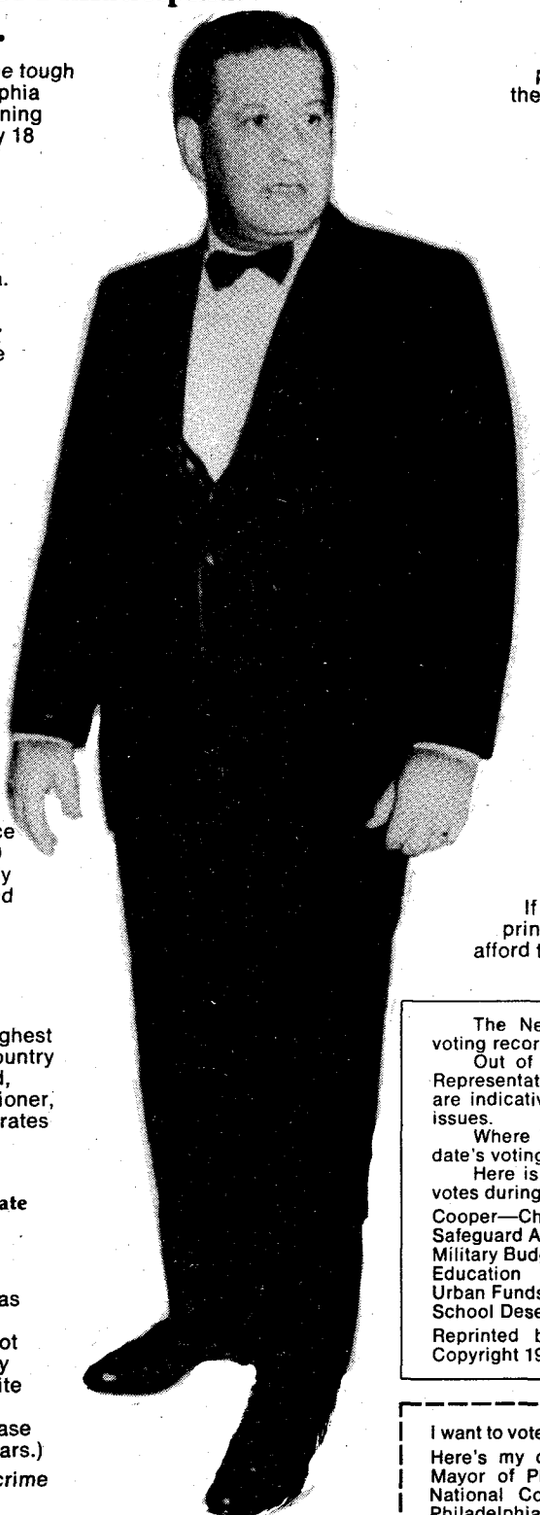
ADVERTISING RATES

Classified: 74c a line (6 words) 3 line min.
Classified Display: $7.42 per inch (min.)
THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 10014
242-8400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The election you can't afford to sit out.

Frank Rizzo—and all he stands for—is running for Mayor of Philadelphia. If he wins, we all lose.



You've heard about Frank Rizzo. The tough cop. The highly-publicized Philadelphia Police Commissioner. Now he's running for Mayor of Philadelphia in the May 18 Democratic primary.

So what? There've been police mayors before.

But not one like Frank Rizzo. Not one in a major city like Philadelphia.

Rizzo, the police officer under crisis.

At moments of grave crisis when the city needed calm, reasonable leadership, here's how Frank Rizzo responded.

After he personally directed a large force of police in a raid on the Black Panther's headquarters and forced the Panthers to strip naked *right in the street in front of the* news cameras, he said, "If we let idiots like this survive under our form of government, maybe we'll have to change it."

At a subsequent news conference, Rizzo continued, "We're dealing with a group of fanatics, yellow dogs that they are. We'll be glad to meet them on their own terms. Just let them tell us when and where."

Here's Rizzo again last September, during a week in which several police officers were killed: "We need 2,000 more policemen to stop this; the only *thing we can do now is buy tanks and* start mounting machine guns."

Okay, maybe he's a little tough. But does he get results?

Despite all his publicity, the fact remains that Philadelphia has the highest rate of gang murders in the entire country (101 Killings in the last 3 years). And, during Rizzo's last year as commissioner, Philadelphia had one of the highest rates of increases (23%) in major crimes among the big cities.

What about Frank Rizzo, the candidate for Mayor?

Rizzo's campaign is polarizing Philadelphia. On the rare occasions when he has spoken on issues, he has revealed his lack of understanding. On drug abuse: "The numbers are not *much greater than 10 years ago, they* just get more publicity." (This, despite the fact that the Philadelphia health department revealed a 37-fold increase in drug-related death in the last 5 years.)

On crime: "*Philadelphia organized crime* is not involved in narcotics."

On school discipline: Rizzo's only answer to dealing with a classroom bully is "to have people [police] around to accommodate him."

Only Green can stop Rizzo.

Bill Green is a Democratic Congressman from Philadelphia with one of the most

progressive and innovative voting records in the U.S. House of Representatives (see below). He's also seeking the Democratic nomination for Mayor and he's the only man in the race that can stop Frank Rizzo.

Although he's only 32, Green has seven years of experience in Congress, including 3 years on the House Ways and Means Committee.

During his career in Congress, Green has been an outspoken and consistent critic of the War and excessive military spending. He was the first member of the House to introduce a rat control bill, and has authored pioneering legislation on national health insurance, Head Start, housing relocation, consumer protection, job training, pollution control, social security reform, freedom from hunger, and many other areas.

Bill Green needs your help.

Frank Rizzo enjoys national prominence. And he's got big money. So Bill Green's going to need a lot of contributions from concerned people like yourself to beat him.

We know times are tough. And we know you don't live in Philadelphia. But think about how tough the next four years are going to be for the people who live in Philadelphia if Frank Rizzo becomes the next mayor. Think about the blacks, the students, and those of us who believe in civil liberties.

If you're concerned about the people and the principles that Frank Rizzo threatens, you can't afford to sit this one out. No matter where you live.

The New Republic Magazine rates Bill Green's voting record.

Out of hundreds of votes taken in the House of Representatives, The New Republic picks twelve that are indicative of the congressman's attitude on major issues.

Where The New Republic agrees with the candidate's voting, a "+" is placed beside the issue.

Here is The New Republic's rating of Bill Green's votes during the 1970 Congress.

Cooper—Church	+	Voting Rights	+
Safeguard ABM	+	Poverty Program	+
Military Budget	+	Civil Liberties	+
Education	+	Welfare Reform	+
Urban Funds	+	Environment	Absent
School Desegregation	+	Farm Subsidies	+

Reprinted by Permission of THE NEW REPUBLIC, Copyright 1970, Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.

I want to vote against Frank Rizzo in the May 18 primary.

Here's my contribution to Bill Green's campaign for Mayor of Philadelphia. Make checks payable to the National Committee to Elect Bill Green, Mayor of Philadelphia.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Send to suite #410, 1819 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

Paid for by the National Committee to Elect Bill Green Mayor of Philadelphia.

NATIONAL SPONSORS: PHILLIP BURTON — JOSEPH S. CLARK — RAMSEY CLARK — JOHN C. CULVER — JOSEPH D. DUFFEY
DONALD FRASER — JOSEPH L. RAUH, JR. — BAYARD RUSTIN — JOHN V. TUNNEY — MORRIS K. UDALL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED